THE Fortune-Hunters: OR, Two Fools well met. A COMEDY, As it is ACTED by His Majesty's Servants.

Written

By *JAMES CARLILE*, Gent.

LONDON,

Printed for *James Knapton*, at the Crown in St. *Paul's* Church-yard. 1689.

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Dramatis Personæ.

Sir *William Wealthy*, an Old Country Gentleman, Guardian to *Maria*, and in Love with her.	Mr. *Leigh*.
Tom Wealthy, his Eldest Son, in Love with *Sophia*, and brought to Town to Marry her.	Mr. *Kynaston*.
Young *Wealthy* his Brother, a Gentleman of the Town, kept by the Widdow *Sly*.	Mr. *Mountfort*.
Mr. *Spruce*, an *Exchange-man*.	Mr. *Nokes*.
Mr. *Shamtown*, a Beau, in Love with *Sophia*.	Mr. *Baker*.
Mr. *Littlegad*, his Brother Beau, in Love with *Maria*.	Mr. *Bowman*.
The Lady *Sly*, a Widdow, a formal Hypocritical Lady, and in Love with young *Wealthy*.	Mrs. *Leigh*.
Sophia, a Lady, under the care of Sir *William Wealthy*, and to be Married to his Eldest Son.	Mrs. *Butler*.
Maria, her Cousin, in Love with Young *Wealthy*.	Mrs. *Mountfort*.
Mrs. *Spruce*, the *Exchange-man*'s Wife.	Mrs. *Knight*.

Footmen, Waiting-women, Constables, Watch, &c.

SCENE *Covent-Garden*.

Prologue.

AS Cowards would the Name of Cowards shun,
With Blustring Words, all said, and nothing done.
So Bully Poet I have known to scape
Such a hard Censure, would a Hero Ape,
And Paint Almanzor *in a Monsters Shape.*
Our Poet too, by such a Trick drawn in,
Too late repents the Self-deceiving sin;
For he forsooth,
In this ripe Age, where every Man's a Wit:
Lest he should be the only Blot was hit,
To save his Credit, as he thought, has writ,
Supposing that malitious Men might say,
Pox on't, he's Dull---he Dull---and writ a Play;
Why, I writ one, you know, but t'other day.
But, since the Folly did so far deceive him,
Faith, he's asham'd to ask you to forgive him:
For here he swears, if you look out for Wit,
You may as reasonably expect to meet
Wit or good Manners in a dull Lampoon,
Or Christian Quarter from a French *Dragoon.*
Humility in Prelates, Truth in Priests,
Or in an Irish *Coffee-house good Jests.*
(Where, with our fancy'd Ruins, they make merry,
And from Mouths charg'd with smoak, Bomb London-Derry.)
No, Faith, our Author Imitates Ragoo,
For as without a shirt he was a Beau;
So without Wit he sets up for a Poet,
And thinks himself no more oblig'd to show it.
For if like Bays, *all Poets should take pains*
In letting Blood, and Physicking their Brains,
The Doctors Bill would sweep the third days gains.
Sure then, 'twas more Judicious Bays *design'd,*
Than Purging of his Body; ay, 'twas his mind,
To temper it to bear with every Wind.
Thus to the change of Times, he changes Rhimes,
Whilst to the face of things his fancy Chimes,
And moulds his Soul and Body with the Times.

THE FORTUNE-HUNTERS: OR, Two Fools well met.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter at two ſeveral Doors, two Wealthys, *Brothers.*

Elder Brother. WHat *Frank* alive! mad *Frank* alive!

Young Brother. Even ſo, ſober *Tom*, and glad to ſee you here in Town, which cannot have been long: Pray when?

Elder. Not yet a full week: But *Frank*, I ſhou'd chide thee; for tho thou'rt a Rakehelly Non-reſident fellow to any particular place, our Father old Sir *William's* Houſe ſtands where it did; and a ſlight direction wou'd have ſecur'd a Letter to your Loving Brother. Tho the old man has forſaken thee, I never did *Frank*.

Young. Brother, I never write, 'tis my averſion: A man that writes muſt think and be ſerious, which I never was, nor never will be. Talk as much as you will, but Writing's my Abomination.

Elder. Why *Frank*, 'tis the only way of Converſation with abſent Friends.

Young. Ay, but there's great charge in Paper, and one Letter begets another; beſides the expence of ſaying fine things. And then end with a damn'd Hypocritical Concluſion, of your Faithful Friend and Servant, to a Rogue it may be you wiſh hang'd.

Elder. Well, I find thou keep'ſt thy humour ſtill, never to conſtrain

thy self to please thy friends. But why have you not ask'd how my Father does? What brought us to Town, or where you might see us?

Young. Why first, I suppos'd he was well, or dead or alive, there's nothing to be got by him. Next, I suppose you came to Town for the same reason I stay in Town, to Whore and Drink. Lastly, I thought I might meet you in a Bawdy-house.

Elder. Well judg'd, dear *Frank*, but I'll inform you better; my Father is well, and we came to Town upon the Condition of a match between the Beautiful Daughter of my Lord *Lovewit* deceased, and your then happy Brother *Tom Wealthy*.

Young. Joy, Sir.

Elder. Abate a little, Sir; for tho the Lady's Consent and Inclination intitle me the man, even since we came to Town, in that short time, a brace of Fops at *Covent-Garden* Church, have so far insinuated themselves, upon a slight acquaintance with my Father, that every hour almost in every day they are paying their Devoirs. I'll not disturb my Soul so far to think I am wrong'd, but one, and to my face, she so far favours, as wou'd provoke a man of a less Jealous temper than my self: If this be the effects of going to Church, they Church it by themselves for her or *Tom*.

Young. Nay, nay, *Tom*, rail not against the Church, but down on thy knees, and thank Heav'n thou brought'st her safe off: Why man, they are the very Heart-hunters in Christendom: if thy Lady be not proof against Eye-shot and Ear-shot, thou'rt undone: Such nice surprizes, at so sweet a Face, such amorous glances of half Zeal half Love, such cocking of Cravat-strings and of Noses, with Perriwiggs so exquisitely set, that happy is the Woman looks and lives.

Elder. This is terrible News for a poor Country Gentleman: but I'll dispatch my Marriage instantly, or cut the Throat of him that hinders it. And *Frank*, she has a Cousin worth 10000 *l.* And faith, thou'rt a young fellow Worthy, wou'dst thou but leave these Courses—

Young. Thus speaks the Elder Brother. Leave these Courses! Pox Course you; what wou'dst thou have me do? You have the Estate, and yet I wear as good Cloaths as you do; Eat and Drink as well as you do; keep as good Company as you do; and you'll allow I'm the better Gentleman, by being the Younger Brother. Well, prethee tell me where you lodge, for I'm resolv'd to make a visit to my Father, not forgetting this 10000 *l.* you speak of.

Elder. Why, at this very House.

Young.

Young. What, the Widdow *Sly's*?

Elder. The ſame.

Young. 'Sdeath, my Widdow! I had a Note from her but juſt now, which was not unwelcome; for I had damn'd ill luck at the Groom-Porters laſt night. Well, my Duty to my Father, and tell him I muſt pay him a viſit; I have ſome ſmall acquaintance with the Widdow, and I ſhall gain Admittance.

Elder. By the way, *Frank*, I doubt you have a Rival of the old Gentleman: But more of that when I ſee you next; I'll find that out. You are in haſte, and I a truant to my Miſtreſs. Adieu; Don't fail *Frank*, for ſhe is ſo much of thy temper, I dare almoſt promiſe thee ſucceſs. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Lady Sophia *and* Maria.

Mar. Well Couſin, this *London*'s a delicate place; oh foh upon Sir *William*'s old naſty Houſe in the Country: If e're you catch me there agen! I did pennance enough in my Dads days: I'll no more of your Baing, Cackling and Crowing in a morning; if I muſt be wak'd out of my ſleep, it ſhall be with the dear Rattling of Coaches, that, if I look out, I may ſee ſome gay thing fit to divert my eyes; without that eternal proſpect of Beaſts, and bare Fields.

Soph. Thou art a mad Girl, and this mad fancy will ſoon be cloy'd; but if you are reſolv'd to ſtay after our return to the Country, with what Reputation will you live here, a ſingle young Woman expos'd to the malice of this Raſcally Town.

Mar. Not ſo faſt good Couſin: A ſingle young Woman may be otherwiſe if ſhe pleaſe; and I am under no Vows that I know, unleſs this now; That the firſt young Gentleman that I like, (if he has good manners enough to like me) ſhall have the ſpending of this ten thouſand pounds of mine, rather than I'll dye of the Pip, to leave it to you and your Heirs.

Soph. Well then, if you are upon choice, what think you of the two fine dreſs'd Gentlemen we came acquainted with at Church. There's danger indeed in looking on them.

Mar. Oh foh! filthy old Effeminate Fools. Danger in them? none on my Conſcience, I dare ſwear it, if they were to be try'd; though

indeed, my dear Couſen, I obſerv'd you a little over civil to Mr. *Shamtown*, who receiv'd it with all the good manners in the World.

Soph. Well Girl, ſince you are reſolv'd to Marry, I'll give you ſome advice; this Gentleman, this Mr. *Wealthy*, is the man on Earth, bait but his ſin of Jealouſie I'd chooſe, which I am reſolv'd to cure (if poſſible) ere I reſign my ſelf to what I wiſh: For after that *Maria*, the *Salique* Law's in force againſt us all, and then adieu to Government for ever: Our frowns no more can kill, nor ſmiles revive: The humbleſt Lover makes a Lordlike Husband.

Mar. I apprehend you, then you mean to write the folly of his Jealouſie ſo plain, in the two faces of theſe Amorous fools, that he may Read it there.

Soph. Right Girl, but you muſt joyn in this great Plot; for ſure you muſt diſcern what Love and Languiſhment my Lovers friend expreſt to you.

Mar. To me! upon my life he hardly ever ſpoke, and then ſo ſoftly, I cou'd hardly hear; he lookt indeed and ſight, and ſet his Cravat-ſtring, and ſight agen, and Comb'd his Perriwig: ſight a third time, and then took ſnuff, I gueſs to ſhow the whiteneſs of his Hand. And all the ſpeech he made to all this Action, was, Renounce me, Madam, but you are very handſome; expecting, I ſuppoſe, the ſame return.

Soph. Well, this is making Love, the very neweſt way of making Love, and yet that *Wealthy* can ſo ſlightly weigh my Judgment, or my Love; to think me fond of ſuch a nauſeous Fop; but I'll Revenge my ſelf this very way; I'll point my whole diſcourſe to him, like every thing he does, praiſe him to *Wealthy*'s face, and ask his Judgment of him; and as I find the ill-natur'd Fit work in him, I'll treat my new acquaintance.

Mar. And I muſt ſigh, I judge too with my Lover: Well, I do hate a ſneaking, whining, crying, lying, dying Fellow, of all things in Nature: Give me the airy, ſprightly free Gallant, ſuch a one as they report young *Wealthy* to be. I long to ſee him, but this old Sir *William* will not ſuffer him, they ſay, to come into the Houſe; yet as ill-natur'd as he is to his own fleſh, he has a great inclination for mine, for he can hardly ever keep his hands from my boſome. And what way ſhou'd he take to make love to me, but by railing at youth, eſpecially his Son *Frank*, who ſhall ſtarve he ſays, ere he get a Groat from him.

Soph. And you may believe him, for he's the gripingſt old *Jew* living: *Frank* too made bold with five hundred pounds of his, which he can never

never forgive. But see here comes my Lord and Master. Ah *Tom*, wou'dst thou but quit that Jealous humour, tho 'tis bred of Love, 'tis nurs'd by Folly; Love, Honour and Obey, shou'd be my Song for ever.

Enter Eldest Wealthy.

Weal. Ladies, good day to you; what, not for Church this morning, Ladies? Methinks, tho your Zeal may be somewhat allay'd, so much good Company as meet there might invite you to Prayers.

Soph. O, goes it there? teaze him Cousen.

Mar. Well, Mr. *Wealthy*, I'll swear you are in the Right, there is the finest Company, the finest Ladies, and the finest Gentlemen! 'twou'd do a bodies heart good to look upon them. Upon my life they spoil'd all my Devotion; 'twas well for you, my Cousen made her choice before she saw these fine things, had you been in Love with me you had been undone.

Soph. You speak but your own Opinion on that *Maria*, though truly Mr. *Shamtown*, and Mr. *Littlegad*, are the civilest, best bred men I ever saw; especially Mr. *Shamtown*, he is the pleasantest Creature, so good humour'd, and so Witty, he is three in Company at any time.

Weal. Nay, Madam, I will allow him a fine Person, and a pleasant Creature, and three in Company; but for Wit, indeed Madam, 'tis much more your goodness than his desert.

Mar. Well, I won't answer for Mr. *Shamtown*, but I'll swear Mr. *Littlegad* has Wit, and more than that he is in Love with me.

Weal. I doubt not that Madam; but has he told you so?

Mar. No, but he has sigh't, and that's all one; besides he set his Perriwig and Cravat-string, for fear I shou'd not like them. Pho, I know he is in Love with me, and for ought I know, I am in Love with him too.

Weal. Very fortunate fellows these, a poor Country Lover shall ride you twenty miles a day, only to play a Game at Lantrelew, and go every Night home in the dirt and the dark, and shall hardly be believ'd to be in Love, though he break a Limb by the way; whilst one of these pleasant Creatures, by a new fancy'd Dress, or nice ty'd Knot, shall conquer a young Lady in a trice.

Soph. But then you must consider Invention is the labour of the brain, and exceeds that of the body.

Mar. And what signifies your Country Fools twenty mile a day to please his Mistress, when one of these shall sit you twenty hours together, almost distracting his dear Head, to find new fashions out, to delight us Ladies.

Soph.

Soph. And ſhould not we be grateful, Mr. *Wealthy*, to theſe, who as if they were of a Religious Order, abandoning and renouncing all your lewd Debaucheries of Wine, wholly devote themſelves to us, and our diverſion.

Enter Old Sir William.

Sir Will. Preſent his Duty to me, wait upon me, he's a Baſtard, no Son of mine, and if he comes here I'll ſend him to *Newgate*, a Rogue!

Mar. Nay, good Sir *William*, who has offended you?

Soph. What makes you ſo angry, good Sir *William*?

Weal. Pray be pacify'd, Sir.

Sir Will. No, Sir, I'll not be pacify'd, Sir, with you, nor your Brother Rogue neither; he'll viſit me to rob me agen, ha! What have you ſeen him, and adviſ'd him to it, ha? The other five hundred pounds. I'll lay him cloſe an I catch him, a Thief.

Weal. Nay, good Sir, conſider, he's my Brother, and your Son.

Old Sir. Sirrah, you lye.

Weal. I have done, e're long you'll ſay the ſame by me.

Old Sir. No, no, *Tom*, never; thou art my Son, my eldeſt Son, my beſt Son, I have no Son but thee, *Tom.*

Weal. Nay, Sir, you muſt pardon me, my Mother was Vertuous. You muſt forgive poor *Frank*, he is your Son.

Old Sir. Sirrah.

Soph. Your own fleſh and blood, Sir *William.*

Old Sir. My fleſh and blood, no Madam, but he robb'd me of my fleſh and blood, my money.

Mar. Egad, and I am glad on't with all my heart.

Old Sir. Fye, fye, you little Thief you, glad that a Son ſhould rob his Father. But I'll tell you that you may judge the grief of a Parent, againſt you have Children, *Tom* or you, you little Rogue, for you will have Children; I'gad, I cou'd get you with Child my ſelf. But as I was ſaying, I bred him at School, and it was a forward dirty Boy; from thence I ſent him to the Univerſity; from the Univerſity to the Inns of Court, where in two years time, from a ſober, grave, diſcreet youth, he grew the Debauch of the Town; roaring, drinking, whoring, fighting, were his daily Diverſions; and becauſe I wou'd not ſupply the Rogue with Moneys to maintain his Villanies, he comes down with a formal Recantation to me in the Country, where like a Rogue, a Cut-throat Thief in the Night, he robb'd me of five hundred pounds, and now he ſends me word, he'll make ſuch an other Viſit.

Mar.

Mar. Why, Sir *William*, methinks he has not wrong'd you in the leaſt, you have ſav'd Money by him, for ſure 500 *l.* is but a ſmall portion for a young Gentleman, and your Son.

Weal. And wou'd ſtill deſerve the name, wou'd my Father but forgive him as a Son.

Old Sir. Sirrah, Son me no Sons, he was my Son, but is not, nor any that plead for him.

Mar. Come, come, Sir *William*, you were young once, and no doubt had your frollicks, and your ſhare of that whoring, roaring and fighting you ſpeak of, I warrant you.

Old Sir. Fye, fye, or if I had, I never robb'd my Father of five hundred pounds at a time, Girl, Girl: Conſider the ſumm of five hundred pounds, before you plead for ſuch a Rogue.

Soph. Good Couſen leave off, for the thoughts of five hundred pounds will put him ſo out of humour, we ſhall have no peace with him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Mr. *Puzlecauſe* the Lawyer is without, and deſires to ſpeak with you.

Old Sir. Cods ſo, I, *Tom*, *Tom*, you muſt go with me, 'tis about drawing them Writings, about your Ladies Joynture. Well, God bleſs you both, and give you happineſs.

Weal. The man ſhe likes needs not miſtruſt the bleſſing.

Soph. The man ſhe likes muſt not miſtruſt at all.

Mar. I cannot imagine what I have to do among all theſe ſober, buſie people; wou'd I cou'd find this mad young *Wealthy*, I fancy he and I ſhou'd be better Company than all theſe. VVell, if this Town of *London* will not afford me one young Fellow, after my own heart, 'tis very hard. (*aſide.*) Sir *William*, when muſt the VVedding be, you keep me in expectation, I long to ſee the manner, though my Couſen by her gravity, I ſee, does not wiſh for it at all.

Old Sir. O very ſuddenly, you little wagg you; what think you now of your own VVedding; what think you of an old fellow of ſixty now; hold, hold, I mean fifty: a good hearty old fellow with abundance of Love and Money?

Mar. VVhat think I of him! I had rather Marry your roaring, whoring Son with never a farthing, tho I never ſaw him yet.

Old Sir. O fye, fye Child; why there's no ſafety with ſuch lewd young fellows, you muſt think better; but come *Tom*, come *Tom*, Mr. *Puzlecauſe* will think it long. Good morrow Children, good morrow.

Weal.

Weal. Adieu, dear Madam. *Exeunt.*

Mar. Come Couſin, ſhall we viſit the Widdow this morning? and engage her to the *Exchange* this afternoon. We'll have all our Fancies in your dreſs. Bleſs us, you deſerve a Husband indeed, to be married within theſe two days, and not a Ribbond bought.

Soph. Upon my life *Maria*, I begin to be affraid: The beginning, and your Courtſhip indeed is diverting enough, but this Marriage i'll ſwear when it draws ſo nigh is a terrible thing. I pretend not to that ridiculous over-affected Modeſty of being affraid of a man-bedfellow I like, but ſeriouſly it ſhocks me, when I conſider I ſtake upon one caſt, my good or my ill fortune for my life.

Mar. Well Couſin, there is a hazard you know in all Games, and ſince we muſt be playing, faith I had as lieve loſe at this as any Game.

Mar. But to the Widdow, ſhe'll inſtruct you how
To ſteer your courſe under your Marriage Vow.
Tell you how far it muſt your Conſcience bind,
And how far not, if Spouſe ſhou'd prove unkind.
And as you pay your duty, how to know
When he fails in ſome matters due to you.
With theſe Inſtructions, never talk of fear,
The Widdow will make all things plain and clear.
And Faith *Sophia*, I dare ſwear for each,
We are as fit to learn, as ſhe to teach. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Widdow dreſſing herſelf.

Betty. I juſt receiv'd a meſſage by Mr. *Wealthy*'s man, Madam, that he will anſwer the Contents of your Letter, for he has earneſt buſineſs with your Ladiſhip, and begs you not to fail at three exactly, at Mr. *Spruce*'s Shop in the *Exchange*.

Widd. I don't approve of his ſo often being there, though certainly had he any Intrigue with her, he wou'd not have the Impudence to appoint to meet me there. Well, 'tis a barbarous caſe that a Lady can't ſecure one man to her ſelf, though ſhe pay a very good price for him, and maintain him as her own Goods and Chattels; which is a great misfortune to us Widdows. For upon my life, your young fellows now a days, are ſcare-crow'd with the name of a Widdow, that we muſt either marry

marry old musty Batchelours, or secure some younger Brother by the magnetick Vertue of our Money. *Betty*, are the young Ladies up, think you?

Betty. Yes Madam, and I believe I hear 'em coming to visit you this morning.

Widd. Run, run, and wait 'em up stairs: Upon my life I had forgot my Complexion this morning; but they are Country Ladies, and may not miss it. *Enter* Sophia *and* Maria.
O dear, Ladies, I design'd this kindness to you, as soon as I cou'd possibly have drest my self.

Soph. Madam, your humble Servant; we made bold to wait on you; I hope we have not hindred your Devotions.

Widd. O good Madam, I have been up these five hours. *Betty*, some Chairs; Ladies, pray sit down.

Mar. Madam, we came to desire your good Company to the *Exchange* this afternoon, to buy two or three suits of Ribbond for my Cousins Wedding. Your good Fancy will much improve her dress. Alas, we Country Ladies that so seldome come to Town, are the awkward'st Creatures: Dear Madam, you must assist us.

Widd. Alas Madam, since my unfortunate Widdowhood, dress has been the least of my thoughts: Nor cou'd I indeed ever boast of more than being clean, in the height of my prosperity; for the gaudy part of Dressing was still my Aversion: And I hope Ladies you will pardon me, if I must deny my self the satisfaction of waiting on you to a place that will so ill become my Condition to appear in, as the *Exchange*. Where I must meet my *Wealthy*, and with them 'twill be impossible. [*aside*.

Mar. *aside*. Learn Sister, learn to Cant against you are a Widdow. If this be'nt a Hypocrite i'll be hang'd.

Soph. Madam, you are Mistress of your self and time; but I thought the *Exchange* had been one of the innocent diversions of the Town, and might as well help out an afternoon, as the Play-house, or the Park, without incurring the danger of Censure in the least.

Widd. Ah Madam! 'tis a base malicious Town, and whoever will live with Reputation in it, must as nigh as possible avoid all those places.

Mar. If all these are to be avoided, what difference is there between the Town and a Nunnery? Or what diversion does your Ladiship propose in Living.

Widd. In Visits, Madam. 'Tis the grand affair of all Ladies of Qua-

lity, to be exact in their days of giving and receiving Visits; high days of State; your Ladies Coller days as 'twere.——*Betty*, bring my Table-book, where you shall see how exact we are in our method, Madam, which is a mighty satisfaction to know ev'ry Ladies particular day of giving or receiving; so that consulting your Tables, you can never err. Let me see, *Thursday* last was my day of State; I think I had a great Court, *Betty*.

Betty. Twenty at least, Madam.

Mar. O Ridiculous! But certainly, Madam, so much Company shou'd rather be uneasie than diverting.

Widd. O Madam, the Grandeur of the thing takes off all sort of uneasiness, tho you hated ev'ry one in the Company; nor are you oblig'd to talk to ev'ry one, no more than your rising acknowledgments at first. Now Madam, as thus, Alphabetically: Madam *Attall* on *Monday*; Madam *Bareman* on *Tuesday*; and so in the round, Madam *Willdrink*, Madam *Willfull*, Madam *Wouldhaveit*, Madam *Wellenough*, and my Lady *Worstofall*.

Mar. Your method, Madam, is extraordinary fine, but for my part, I'd sooner choose to walk by my self in the Fields, than be troubled with all this Company in their finest Apartments.

Widd. Is your Ladiship for one in the Garden this morning?

Soph. We'll wait upon you, Madam.

Widd. No, pray Madam, indeed the Morning is inviting. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mr. Spruce, *and young* Wealthy.

Spruce. Ah, Mr. *Wealthy!*

Weal. Well met, my dear Cuckold, and particular Friend.

Spr. Good Mr. *Wealthy*, if I may be so bold, whether intend you?

Weal. Why, faith, to the Ordinary to Dinner.

Spr. Shall I prevent you, and perhaps to your satisfaction. If you will Dine with me and my Wife at home, I will entertain you with the Oddest and Idlest Resentment of a Brother Shop-keeper of mine, about his Wife, that can be.

Weal. With all my heart. (*Aside.*) This fellow is the happiest Cuckold living, so satisfy'd with himself, that he cannot believe there lives that Woman wou'd condescend to touch an other man, after the taste of his dear person. *Aside.*) Well, I am contented to Dine with you, Mr. *Spruce*, but if you design not to take off the edge of my Appetite by suspence, let me know the business immediately.

Spr. You know, Mr. *Topknot*, in the same row with me, you must know

know the blockhead, ha, ha, ha. When Mr. *Horner* was the other day at his Shop, he heard him talk of a Journey he design'd on *Sunday* to *Epsom*, upon this Mr. *Horner*, as you or any man might do in my absence to my Wife, appointed a Visit to his Wife; as you, I say, might do to mine, a Gentleman and Customer to the Shop, to comfort her. I cannot tell you the occasion well, but this Blockhead coming home late a *Sunday* night, goes up directly to his Wives Chamber, where finding Mr. *Horner* laughing and playing with his Wife, no matter how, takes a ridiculous freak of Jealousie in his Noddle, falls into the violentest passion that could be, calling his Wife Whore; and Heaven knows what. The Gentleman seeing this, thought the fellow mad, and putting out the Candle, made his escape down Stairs, leaving the Blockhead railing and cursing, ha, ha, ha.

Weal. But pray, Mr. *Spruce*, how has he dealt by his VVife?

Spr. How! By my Conscience and Soul, Sir, he has turn'd her out of doors, like a Jealous Coxcomb as he is.

Weal. O Barbarous!

Spr. Now, Mr. *Wealthy*, this is amazement to me, I can't but believe these fellows have some Imperfection they are sensible of in themselves; Lord, if I were such a Coxcomb, how often must you and I have fallen out; though really, when I met my VVife and you, the other day, in a Coach alone, it did at first surprize me.

VVeal. Faith, and so did you us; but I satisfy'd you that was an accident.

Spr. No more words, dear Mr. *VVealthy*, I don't mistrust my Wives Vertue, or my own Merit; but we are just at the door: *Nan*, is my Wife come home from the *Change*?

Enter Nanny.

Nan. Yes, Sir, she expects you at Dinner, but not so good Company with you.

VVeal. Pretty Mrs. *Nanny*.

Spr. Sir, shall I lead you in? [*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to a Parlour.

Mrs. Spr. Your Servant *Spruce*. I have waited for you this half Hour: Mr. *Wealthy*, your humble Servant; you are a Stranger indeed.

Spr. Child, entertain Mr. *Wealthy*, till I go wash my Hands, and send up Dinner. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Spr. Must we attribute this Visit to Chance, or good Nature? I doubt, if to good Nature, 'tis my Husbands.

Weal. Faith, my Dear, you are in the right; but I design'd to have pleas'd my self at least with seeing you at three a Clock this Afternoon in the Change.

Mrs. Spr. If Mr. *Spruce* were as jealous as Mr. *Topknot*, indeed you might avoid seeing me any where, but there; But Heaven be prais'd he is of another Mould, and much more fit for my use.

Weal. O he told me that Story. Shall I see you then to Night at home?

Mrs. Spr. With all my heart; but you'll fail, this is his Club Night, and ten to one but he's fuddl'd, but how open soever his Eyes are, I cast a Mist before 'em as easily as his understanding. At Nine the Garden gate shall be open, but don't fail; let me believe you think on me sometimes, by your not forgetting this.

Weal. By this, and this, I will not. [*Kisses Enter* Spruce.

Spr. Ha, ha, ha, My Friend *Topknot* wou'd have been at the Top of the House with half this. Jealous Coxcomb. Come, my Dear, will you come to Dinner. Another Fool wou'd have been Jealous of this now, I warrant; a civil Salute, ha, ha, ha.

Weal. Ha, ha, ha.

Mrs. Spr. Ha, ha, ha.

Spr. But what makes you laugh so, Prithee tell me?

Weal. Why, this was your VVifes own Contrivance to try to make you Jealous; you rail'd so at Mr. *Topknot*: VVe have been Kissing ever since you went out, for fear we shou'd not be Kissing as you came in.

Spr. Have you so? ha, ha, ha.

Mrs. Spr. Tis true Spouse, faith.

Spr. VVell, do if you can; but the Dinner cools: Mr. *Wealthy*——

Weal. Lead on, Sir.

May all thy Follies on thy Tribe attend,
And ev'ry VVhoremaster have such a Friend. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter the Lady Sly, Sophia, *and* Maria.

Soph. 'Tis vain, I fear, to urge you further for your good Company to the *Exchange*, Madam, since your Reasons as well as Inclinations seem so averse to it.

VVidd.

Widd. Alas, Madam, I hope you'll excuse my incivility in not waiting on you; since really, Madam, I am so terrify'd at any thing may touch my Reputation, and the gravity of my Habit, I dare not appear there, tho in so very good Company.

Mar. VVell, Heaven forgive me, I can't think Charitably of thee. Cousin, since we must venture by our selves into this bug-bear place among Men, Monsters, and Scandals: If we must suffer, Heaven have Mercy on our better part, I hope we shall have your Ladyship's Prayers; and for Mr. *Wealthy*, I declare, if we are Ravisht he deserves no better: a Lover, and go about Business with an old doating fellow of a Father, rather than wait upon his Mistress. VVere he to be mine, I wou'd not Marry him this Fortnight, tho' I gnaw'd my Sheets to pieces.

Widd. Indeed, Madam, I doubt you would relent, for Mr. *Wealthy* is really a very fine Gentleman, and the better he settles his Affairs now, tho' he robs himself of the Satisfaction of his Ladies Conversation, the more Enjoyment he proposes to himself afterwards; as all wise men do in so grand an Affair as Marriage.

Mar. Indeed Madam, I am not come to those years of Discretion, to like a wise man; for on the contrary, he is naturally my Aversion: and I dare avow for young Mr. *VVealthy*, whom I never yet saw, has more VVit in one of his Mad Frollicks, than his Brother's Spanish Gravity can be capable of.

Soph. Heaven send you may meet, for if what be true I have heard of him, by what I know of you, you might be excellent Company, and very fit for each others humours. Pray have you never heard of him, Madam.

Widd. Yes, Madam, and seen him at a distance: a handsome young Gentleman indeed he is, but very Debauch'd, or very much wrong'd.

Enter a Servant.

Boy. Madam, the Coach is at the Door.

Soph. Madam, your humble Servant, we'll try our Fancies by your Judgment, when we come back.

Widd. Ladies, your Servant.

Mar. Your Ladiships humble Servant; no farther, adieu Madam.

[Exeunt.

Widd. Betty, make haste, and lay me out the Mantua and Petticoat I wore the other day, and take care to get a Hackney Coach to the Door when the Ladies are gone.

Betty. Yes, Madam.

Widd. Certainly if I should meet them in the *Change*, they can never know

know me, my greatest fear is lest young *Wealthy*, who is fond of every new face, should meet them, and then I am undone, for 'twill be hard to lure him from so tempting a quarry, to a game I fear he is already cloy'd with: yet he knows the sign, and in good manners must obey it, tho against his Inclination.

SCENE II. The Exchange.

Discovers Mrs. Spruce *in her Shop.* *Enter Young* Wealthy.

Jun. Weal. I doubt I have over-stay'd my time; 'tis past Three, and the Widdow is not here, or else gone, which wou'd be a curst misfortune at this time: For to morrow I must make a visit to the old Gentleman, whatever comes of it: And his house of late has always been to me like a Tavern or a Baudy-house, bring but Ready Money, and you shall be well lookt after: Besides, the 10000 *l.* runs strangely in my head. There sits this nights diversion; a Cordial of the Widdows will make it much more agreeable. Ha! she's here. I think, by this light a brace of handsome Women. *Enter* Sophia *and* Maria.

Mrs. Spr. Ribbonds or Gloves, Madam; Gloves or Ribbonds.

Jun. Weal. Ha! they go to Mrs. *Spruce's*? have among you Isaith Ladies: If the Widdow catch me, these are Cousins, nigh Relations.

Mar. Show us some of your newest fashion Ribbonds.

Jun. Weal. Mrs. *Spruce* your Servant; are the things I bespoke done Madam.

Mrs. Spr. What things does he mean? O the Devil fetch him! [*Aside.* No Sir, not yet, but if you'll send your man in the morning, or to night, to my house, he shall have 'em. Here Ladies, do you like this Ribbond, or this?

Soph. Cousin what say you? you don't mind 'em.

Mar. Cousin, what's the matter with my heart? Certainly the Devil's in that young fellow, or in me.

Soph. Ha, ha, ha, have you met with your man think you?

Jun. Weal. I have a strange Romantick thought in my head; what if I should fall in love with this young Creature at first sight, a pretty account I should give of my self to my Friends: I must find some opportunity to speak to her.

Mar. O fye, these are too grave for our occasion, they must be for a young Ladies Wedding favours, the gayest thing you have.

Jun. Weal.

Jun. Weal. If a ſtranger may ſo far preſume, not for your own I hope, Madam.

Mar. Why Sir, wou'd you forbid the Banes?

Jun. Weal. Had I the ſame Intereſt as Inclination to it, Madam, you wou'd be in danger of it indeed.

Mar. O Lord, Sir, why are you in Love with me already?

Jun. Weal. Quick as her eyes I'gad: Why look you, Madam, plain Dealing's a Jewel: Let me firſt know what hopes my heart may have to build upon; whether you are a Predeſtinated Wife or not; and accordingly expect an anſwer from your humble Servant.

Mar. No, no, no; Demonſtration's no direct anſwer to any thing. I am reſolv'd to be a Riddle to all my Lovers. They that can find the meaning of me take me. I muſt talk with this young fellow: Couſin take your own Fancy, as you have done already: I like none of 'em.

Jun. Weal. As you have done already, O then ſhe's the Bride, your Servant for that; 'tis kind and cunningly told, ha! I'gad theſe may be the two Ladies my Brother ſpoke of; I'll try. Well, Madam, to ſhow you that I have an art that goes beyond unriddling any thing, I do poſitively know by the Stars, thoſe Propitious Stars to me, that you are not Married nor engag'd: That you have not been in Town above ſix days: That the Gentleman's Name, your Couſin is to Marry, begins with a *W.* and that you lodge now——

Mar. Tell me that, and you're a Conjurer.

Jun. Weal. That you lodge now——Let me ſee——At the Lady *Sly's* in *Covent Garden*; ha! do you ſtart, I'gad I am right.

Mar. And pray Sir, how came you to know this?

Jun. Weal. Art, Black Art, Madam, therefore at your own Propoſals I claim you; or at leaſt, the honour of being further acquainted.

Mar. Why Sir, if you are Maſter of your Art, 'twill be in vain to deny you that, after having ſeen me, when you were ſo well acquainted with me, before I ſaw you.

Jun. Weal. That's true, indeed Madam, but granted favours are much ſweeter than ſtolen Fruits. Beſides, Madam, there is really a neceſſity I ſhould ſee you again, for ſhould I at the firſt ſight tell you a Romantick Tale of Flames and Darts, (tho you may well ſuſpect your eyes,) yet you would not be apt to believe me.

Mar. You are in the right, indeed Sir; ha, ha, ha.

Jun. Weal. Therefore Madam, ſince you are prejudic'd againſt my firſt Eſſay, you ought in honour to allow a ſecond, unleſs you miſtruſt the Juſtice of my Cauſe may prevail upon you.

Mar.

Mar. Nay, if you grow ſerious upon buſineſs, adieu.

Jun. Weal. And dare you venture to leave me thus, after avowing this paſſion, then I declare open War againſt you, and all thoſe little dancing Cupids in your eyes. Aſſiſted by the Spirits I command, thoſe that inform'd me where you live, when you came, ſhall dance eternally Attendance; and whereſoe're among the numerous train of Fops your fancy ſettles, him they ſhall Plague. By one of theſe the nice ſhap'd youth that dances with you at Balls, ſhall have his Legs broke. The Sonniteer that chants his Amorous Notes, ſhall have his pretty mouth drawn to his Ears, whilſt every Fop that levels dreſſing at you, ſhall certainly be tumbled in the Mire.

Mar. Till at the laſt, for want of better choice, I muſt take up with you. Bleſs us! a Conjurer! certainly I am a moſt unfortunate Creature, tho *London* I was told was a lewd place, to light upon the Devil at the firſt daſh.

Jun. Weal. Therefore keep friends with him whilſt you may.

Enter the Widdow, ſpys him, and pulls out her Handkerchief.

'Sdeath the Widdow. I know the ſign, that curſt Handkerchief; a plague on the Flag of Truce. When I was juſt giving Battel to the dear little Creature. Ay, ay, ſhake on; I can't ſee it yet.

Soph. Couſin will you go? I have bought what I deſign.

Mar. I wait you. Sir, your Servant.

Jun. Weal. The honour, Madam, to wait you to your Coach.

The Widdow croſſes 'em, and drops her Handkerchief,
Wealthy *takes it up.*

Madam, your Handkerchief.

Widd. Not to trouble you Sir.

Soph. Jack, here take theſe things, and put 'em in the Coach.

Mar. Upon my life this is an Appointment; ſhe's jealous by her anſwer: O that I were alone with her, I might diſappoint her. Sir, the Lady's going.

Jun. Weal. Not whileſt you are here Madam, or till I ſee you in the Coach.

Soph. 'Twill be a trouble Sir, and our Coach is juſt at the Door.

Jun. Weal. You ſhall be obey'd; when I ſee you next, I may challenge the honour of your acquaintance on other terms. Till then, fair one, Croſs your ſelf ev'ry Night, or my Spirits will play tricks with you.

Mar. None that can fright me, I'll warrant you. *Exeunt.*

Jun. Weal. Now for my Widdow, by that time I have appeaſed her, it will be

be time to meet Mrs. *Spruce*, and by that time I have appeas'd Mrs. *Spruce*, it will be time to take a Bottle, and by that time I have that in my head, I ſhall think I have manag'd my time very well. For tho on my Conſcience I cou'd forſake Whoring to gain that dear little Creature, 'tis not like a wiſe man to leave off one Trade, without a certainty of living better on another. Your Servant Mrs. *Spruce*. *Exit.*

SCENE III.

Mr. Shamtown *is diſcover'd ſitting by his Bed in his Night-Gown.*

Sham. Jack, has it Rung at *Convent-Garden* yet?

Jack. Sir, 'tis paſt five.

Sham. Pox on this Drinking! 'tis no matter tho, for I look ſo filthily puddled, I durſt not have gone out. Lord, I am extravagantly hot; *Jack*, ſtep where you know, tell 'em I keep my Chamber this afternoon, and ſhou'd be glad to ſee 'em.

Jack. This is one of my maſters high Intreagues; if *Don Quixot*'s *Dulcinea* did not come of a better Family, I'll be hang'd.

Sham. I ſhou'd be very loth the Town ſhou'd know half what I am forc'd to truſt this Raſcal with: I have been now theſe 25 years (a damn'd long time to own) the chief Intreaguer of the Town, made ſuch a figure, rais'd ſuch emulation, I have been ſtill the peak of every Poet, down from Sir *Foplin* to Sir *Nice* the Beau: There's not one Beauty fam'd in all the Town, to whom I have not paid ſome Gallantry; and thus much I muſt own, I never made addreſs in all my life, where I was yet refus'd, to make the addreſs indeed, but that was all. The ſpeculative part has ſtill been mine, and my misfortunes have been gaily dreſt; *Celia* indeed no ſooner broke her Vow, but *Cloe* entertain'd me as her own, and married with my Rival in a month. Yet ſtill I kept my Reputation up, and whereſoe're I came, freſh *Billett Deux* on *Billet Deux* receiv'd; ſent by my ſelf, Heav'n knows, unto my ſelf, on my own Charges: yet now my Fate gives me a fairer proſpect, and beautiful *Sophia* will be kind. I have been well receiv'd, and will go on: And tho I fight for once, once and no more, I'll venture Mr. *Wealthy*'s ſurly temper. But wou'd my man wou'd come, for this is all but Speculative too, and I muſt Practiſe. *Enter a Boy.*

Boy. Sir, Mr. *Littlegad*'s below, and bid me tell you he is come to wait on your Couſhee.

Sham. 'Sdeath, my Brother Beau, and in the Intrigue with me, I must speak with him, tho he must not stay to see my Paramour. Wait on him up, I must maintain my Character with him.

Enter Mr. Littlegad.

Littl. Sir, your Servant; good Night to you, were now the properest. What, reading of a Secret?

Sham. No, a Trifle; you may read it if you please, I just receiv'd it from a teazing poor Romantick Girl I promis'd Marriage to. I pity her, she writes a pretty stile.

Littleg. Reads. Dear faithless man, Poor fool! *For still you must be dear, dear to my Eyes, dear to my longing Heart; ah, why wou'd you betray me into Love? Why would you promise me a Heaven in you, and take that Heaven away? Curse of her Eyes who have estrang'd your Heart! but O in vain, in vain I Curse the happiest Woman living. Pardon this trouble, Sir, it is the last. Boast you have broke a fond young Woman's heart, that lov'd too well to live, and live without you. Adieu.* A very sad story. What no Superscription, no Direction?

Sham. 'Sdeath, I had forgot to write it. *Aside.* No, it came inclos'd; I am pester'd strangely with these idle things. I'm glad you're come, for tho I must beg your leave to receive a visit from a Lady of Quality that will be here presently, I must acquaint you with my design: I can prevail easily with the Widdow (who loves Dancing) to have a Ball at her House to morrow: 'Twill give us fresh opportunity to talk with the Ladies; and no small occasion to please them in our Dancing. You'll pardon, if I beg your leave a while: at night I'll meet at *Wills*, and order all. I'm much asham'd of this, but——

Littleg. O Sir, the reason's Irresistible, no Complement, at *Will's*.

Sham. At eight.

Enter Jack.

Jack. Sir, she——

Sham. Rascal——.

Jack. Sir, she says 'tis Washing day, and she cann't come.

Sham. Damn her, go down.

Mr. Littl. What, disappointed?

Sham. She begs my pardon, 'tis her day of receiving Visits. A Pox of all Quality, 'sdeath I'll Marry and oblige no more, *Sophia* shall ongross my heart for ever; and now we have time, Mr. *Littlegad*, tell me your mind, our time is short, our Reception has been extraordinary. Will you resolve at this Ball to slip Notes into their hands, that shall declare our honourable intentions.

Mr.

Mr. Littl. I wou'd do much for beautiful *Maria*, but Love has ſo much awe upon my Soul; beſides, if they refuſe we're undone, if they betray us worſe, a Quarrel follows.

Sham. Sir, you're my friend, I'll truſt you with my temper. By others want of manners in the Town, I have ſuffer'd in my Reputation, and therefore wou'd prevail upon my ſelf to venture once: The Cauſe I'm ſure deſerves it, and Mr. *Wealthy*, I have oft diſcern'd, forces his temper to be Civil to me.

Mr. Littl. Well Sir, you've been open with your friend: ſhow me the Note you write, I'll ſhow you mine.

For why ſhould ſhe aſham'd or angry be,
To be belov'd by me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE the Back-Garden.

Enter young Wealthy.

Jun. Weal. My matters go ſwimmingly faith, I have appeas'd my Widdow, made my ſelf half drunk, and fill'd my Pockets with money. To morrow will I riſe with the Sun, and out-ſhine the Sun, wait on my Father like a Son; and if I can but ſet like the Sun in that dear little *Thetis*'s lap, I ſhou'd make a very good day on't. However, ſince I am reſolv'd to make honourable Love, I'll take my leave of Whoring to Night. This is Mrs. *Spruce*'s back-door, and the fatal hour draws on, in which I muſt graft a freſh Branch on my friends Forehead. Ha! the Door ſhut! It us'd always to be open upon ſuch occaſions: I'll venture three gentle taps however, there may be a Scout nigh.

Enter Mrs. Nanny.

Nanny. Who's that, Mr. *Wealthy*?

Jun. Weal. Dear Mrs. *Nanny*: A Maidenhead I'gad; a pox of her miſtreſs.

Nanny. My miſtreſs has expected you this half hour; ſhe's alone in the Parlour.

Jun. Weal. With all my heart: But have you waited all this while in the Cold.

Nanny. Indeed I thought it long before you came.

Jun. Weal. But you'd have thought it longer, had you ſtaid for one you Love.

Nanny. Yes, if they came on purpoſe to ſee me.

Jun. Weal. Pretty little Rogue. The Child comes rarely on.

Nanny. O fye Sir, what do you mean? Nay, pray Sir.

Jun. Weal. What do I mean? To kiſs thoſe pretty little lips.

Nanny. O dear Sir, my miſtreſs. *Enter Mrs. Spruce.*

Jun. Weal. O Madam, now I hope you'll own I am as good as my word.

Mrs. Spruce. Somewhat better methinks. *Nanny* go in. So Termagant, *Mr. Wealthy*, that you cou'd not have patience to walk in; I ſuppoſe my Maid told you I expected you in the Parlour.

Jun. Weal. Yes, yes, you'l cool my Courage: Fye, Madam, I was only Coaxing her for fear when you vex'd her at any time, ſhe ſhou'd tell your Husband.

Mrs. Sp. You know, Mr. *Wealthy*, my Husband is not ſo eaſily perſwaded; but however, you boaſt of being as good as your word, I find, without a Bottle, you durſt not have ventur'd.

Jun. Weal. Durſt not; that word was never ſpoke to *Spaniard* yet, but forfeited a kiſs that gave him it. Now Madam, ſince our time is ſhort, and conſequently very precious, pray let me have the honour to lead you into your own Houſe.

Mrs. Spr. No, I'll ſwear you'll be Rude.

Jun. Weal. No, I'll Swear I wont, but I'll be very Civil; when do you expect your Husband?

Mrs. Spr. Not theſe two hours. O Lord, indeed I am afraid I ſhall catch cold, the Night's very raw.

Jun. Weal. I'gad you're in the right. Come along my dear. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Old Sir William *and his Son.*

Sir Will. Whereabouts are we *Tom?* 'tis ſomewhat dark.

Eld. Weal. Very nigh *Covent Garden*, Sir; we ſhall be at home preſently.

Sir Will. This Lawyer is a ſmart fellow, *Tom*, he has drawn up theſe Writings conciſely, and full. Ah, that Rogue *Frank*, he might have done this, if he had follow'd his Studies, an idle Rogue, and ſav'd me this Charge: But he muſt be fine, he muſt be a Wit, a Beau, Pox on him.

Eld. Weal. Sir, I believe it is yet in your power to reclaim him; he has ſeen the Vices of the Town, and no doubt is ſick of them: Cou'd he but get a Competence to live.

Sir Will. Well Sir, and you'll have me ſettle an Eſtate upon him; I'll ſettle him in *Newgate* firſt, a Vagabond.

Eld. Weal. Nay, pray Sir, hear me.

Sir

Sir VVill. No, Sir, thank God I've taken care of you. I've ſettled you, I'll part with no more money.

Eld. VVeal. Sir, you ſhall not part with a Groat.

Sir VVill. How's that?

Eld. VVeal. Upon my word you ſhant, and yet make him happy.

Sir VVill. He has been a Rebellious Boy, but the tenderneſs of a Father——Well, tell me how, for I wou'd do him all the kindneſs I cou'd without Charges.

Eld. VVeal. Sir, give him the liberty of your Houſe, Countenance him as your Son, and let him addreſs himſelf to young *Maria*.

Sir VVill. Here's a Snake in my boſom; what, throw away my little pretty *Maria* with 10000 *l.* too. No, thank you Sir, I'll find a better match; what, betray my truſt: Marry her to a Ranting, Roaring Bully. What, give her the Pox? Ah, Sirrah! What if I have a mind to marry her my ſelf?

Eld. VVeal. Sir, you'll pardon me if I ſay, methinks you are too old to think of marriage.

Sir VVill. No, Sirrah, not ſo old as the young debauch'd Raſcals of the Town, rotten before they are ripe. Sirrah, provoke me any more, ſpeak of this match any more, I'll Marry, get a Child, and diſinherit you both; and ſo come along.

Eld. VVeal. Sir, I'll follow you, and ſhall watch you too, for ſhou'd he marry, a Child may be got without his help.

Sir VVill. What Sirrah, do you mutter?

Eld. VVeal. Mutter, no Sir.

Sir VVill. No Sir, come along. [*Exeunt.*

The Scene draws, and diſcovers the Garden-door.

Enter young Wealthy *and Mrs.* Spruce.

Jun. VVeal. Adieu, dear Mrs. *Spruce*, you'll ſend that Linnen I beſpoke, to morrow early.

Mrs. Spr. Yes, but not by my Maid. [*Enter Mr.* Spruce *Drunk.* My Husband, if ever he is Jealous 'tis in his Drink. Dear Mr. *Wealthy* adieu, how will you eſcape him?

Jun. Weal. How the Devil do I know: 'Sdeath, I'll ſtand againſt this Pump.

Mr. Spr. Whereabouts am I? Is not this my back door? I am ſomewhat Drunk; 'tis a beaſtly thing above once a month, and that's my ſtint; but I'll pleaſe her with the Song I learnt: *Tell me no more of Glory or Story.* She loves a ſoft Song. *Tell me no more of Glory.* No Canary, pox of that ſlip; I have all dirted my face. *Jun.*

Jun. Weal. 'Sdeath I think I had beſt run for it now. Pox of his Agility, he's up already: if he comes to the Pump, i'm undone.

Mr. Spr. Let me ſee, here's a Pump hereabouts.

Jun. Weal. Wou'd it were in your Guts.

Mr. Spr. I muſt clean my ſelf, that I may not diſguſt my Wife, and make her think indifferently of my Perſon. Pox on't, they have taken away the handle: O here it is.

Gropes up and down, and takes hold of Mr. Wealthy's *hand inſtead of the Pump.*

Jun. Weal. If he diſcovers me i'll knock him down, and then I ſhall paſs for a Thief. The Dog will pull my Arm off.

Mr. Spr. Zounds the Pump's dry.

Jun. Weal. 'Sdeath I have a Bottle of Orange Flower Water his Wife preſented me. *Spirts the Orange Flower Water in his face.*

Mr. Spr. O does it come; delicate Water faith: So now for my Wife: Let me ſee, where's the Key. *Tell me no more of Glory, too to Court---* *Exit.*

Jun. Weal. A ſenſleſs drunken Dog, not know a man from a Pump; this was a good ſcape, I ſhou'd have been loth to have Convinc'd him that he was a Cuckold. Let him dear oh, 'tis late; ſhall I go home ſo ſober, I ſhall Dream of the Devil all Night? no, the other Bottle.

Good Wine does all our Satisfaction bring.
But t'other Bottle is a Glorious thing. [*Exit.*

ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Maria *alone in the Garden.*

Mar. WHat would I give to know whether I am really in Love with that young fellow or not; let me examine my self. I am very angry with that Woman that came to meet him; methinks I could beat her, yet I could not beat him. I long to see him again too; and I am afraid I should be loth to part with him. Mercy upon me, these are very ill Signs.

Enter Sophia.

Sop. What Musing *Maria*? Good morning to your serious Meditations: Pray your Thought?

Mar. If you'll promise not to laugh at me.

Sop. What, the pretty young fellow reigns still in your fancy? What, four and twenty Hours together? On my Conscience you are constant; ha! ha!

Mar. Laugh on, laugh on! Who was caught first?

Sop. But fye upon you, I thought you would have reserved your heart for young Mr. *Wealthy*; and this Gentleman you saw was engag'd.

Mar. Would I knew where, I'd plague her however; but if he should be in Love with her I'm undone.

Sop. To clear that doubt Girl, I'll tell thee News shall make thee bless me for it: That Lady your Rival, Madam, is our Individual, Grave, Formal, Hippocritical Widdow.

Mar. Impossible, or how should you know it?

Sop. Walking last Night in the Balcony-room, somewhat impatient of Mr. *Wealthys* return, I heard a Hackney-Coach stop, whence bolted out the very Figure we saw in the *Change*, and my Curiosity found afterwards to be the Widdow.

Mar. O this *Ephesian* Dame, shall she devour my Souldier; no, I'll vex every vein of her Heart. I'll Dog her every day, that when she meets him next, I'll meet him too, and turn her to her proper use, Procuring; I'll trace the old Fox till I find out her Young ones. *Sop.*

Sop. Poor Girl, she's far gone.

Mar. A Witch: Pardon me Ladies, if I dare not go to a place that so ill becomes the Gravity of my Habit. [*Musick within the Garden.*
VVhat Serenading Fools are these?

Sop. You're strangely out of humour, what if it should be a morning Serenade from our two Church-men, in order to the Ball we are to have this Evening? You remember the Part you are to Act.

Mar. Indeed you must pardon me, I shall be out.

Sop. I grow sick of mine too; but heark, a Song. [*Song after it.*

Enter Eldest VVealthy.

Sophia. Mr. *Wealthy* do we owe our thanks to you.

Eld. VVeal. This Madam, as the gentlest way I cou'd, I chose to let you know my bold request; Musick and Beauty seem so nigh a kin; such equal charmers sure what one desires, the other can't deny; to morrow be the day; joyn to that natural goodness of your Soul; your kind endearing Promises and Vows, put on the Deity you are to me, descend and perfect all my hopes to morrow.

Soph. Sir, I confess it is a fault to blush, in answering what I have so often promised; but you must pardon both, since I must confess, so soon you have surpriz'd me, I own you Conquerour o're all my heart, but beg as yet you would not use your power; allow my Virgin fears some time to fly, I shall in honour yield without surprize.

Eld. Weal. Allow for all my Wracks of Passion; for all my broken hours and nights of rest. Allow for the Impatience of my Love, that counts all hours Ages till to morrow, and put this in the ballance with your fears: If it be yet too light, I'll kneel to beg a blessing great as this. [*Kneels.*

Enter Sir William Wealthy.

Sop. Sir—

Sir Will. What a Pox, is the fellow going to Prayers, or to say Grace to to morrows Feast? Child, Child, time is short, all things settled, and *London*'s a Wicked Place, therefore prepare to look the Parson boldly in the face, and in grace of peace, i'll see you married, and then—

Soph. But Sir *William.*

Sir Will. Stop her mouth Boy, she'll cry 'tis too soon, or some mischief or other: Where's my little Maggot this morning? she'd put off such a business I warrant you; uh 'tis a parlous Quean.

Mar. Well, I will plague the Widdow and this old fellow. Good morning to you Sir *William*, you see they're got together with a villanous

lanous design to make you a Grandfather, and then you'll look so old, Sir *William*, 'tis a pity; for now you look brisk enough for the youngest Maid in Town; methinks I could fall in Love with you my self.

Sir Will. Think you so, my little *Maggot*, not so old but I can play at creep Mouse yet; creep Mouse, creep, catch her, catch her.

Mar. Nay, nay, nay, Sir *William*.

Sir Will. Why, you little Eyes, you little Nose, you little Mouth, you little—No, no, you're for young Rogues; we old wholsome fellows, with good Hearts, sound Lungs, hum, hum: no, no, we can't pass now a days. *Tom*, I heard Musick here just now, was it yours *Tom*? Prithee, let's have a Song there; gad, I'm very merry this morning. Adsbodkins, I'll sing thee a Song my self, Girl. Now you shall hear, now Huswife, an old fellow; adslid, hum, hum.

After several ridiculous Grimaces, Sir William *Sings.*

Mar. O brave, Sir *William*.

Sir Will. Ah, you little Rogue! Creep Mouse creep, catch her.

Mar. Fye, fye, Sir *William*, you'll make me angry.

Sir Will. Why then be pleas'd again, you little baggage, ah.

Mar. Come, Sir *William*, let's see if you're as good at Dancing as you are at Singing; come Sir, I'll Dance with you.

Sir Will. Art thou for a Hoy tite Rogue? Come, strike up then.

Mar. Margery Crey.

Sir Will. Oh, fye, fye.

Mar. Come, come. [*They Dance.*

Sop. O this unmerciful Jade.

Eld. Weal. No matter, Madam, he likes it.

Mar. About, about, Sir *William*.

Sir Will. Hold, hold, Merry and Wife; Wife Child, Merry and Wife. Puh.

Sop. Sir *William*, you grow young again; you trip it like any Fairy.

Mar. Oh fye upon him, he has put me so out of breath, I shant be able to Dance this Evening.

Sir Will. And yet I am old, I warrant you, ha? You had rather marry my Wicked Debauch'd Son *Frank*, you little Eyes, you little Nose, creep Mouse creep.

Mar. No, I yield Sir *William* now, but I'll try your Courage at the Ball.

Sir Will. But what the Devils the meaning of these Balls? What a

Pox do these fellows do here? Here they tell me a Story of the Honour of my former acquaintance, when I never saw them but once, when I was last in Town, at a Coffee-house, and now at Church.

Eld. Weal. And think you not that enough, Sir, to take hold of, when it will introduce them into so good Company as these fair Ladies?

Sop. Still there *Tom?*——Cousin.

Mar. Good Sir *William*, and you Mr. *Wealthy*, do not quarrel at our good Fortune what e're you think; if I were sure of meeting such good Company, I'd go to Church every hour in the day; besides they're the Widdows acquaintance; we are oblig'd to her as well as you for their Company and the Ball we are to have; where, for all this, you must Dance to night.

Sir Will. Dance! you little Eyes you; ay, and Dance forty such Limberhamm'd fellows as these dead still: What, because this great fellow here makes me look a little old, and the Cares of the World makes me look somewhat grey before my time, do you think I'll be laid aside; adsbodikins if you will Dance, Dance me a good round Country frisk: Pox o your Minutes and Bore's (what d'ye call 'em) Dances only invented for your smooth pac'd pocky *French* fellows: Ounds, a good round Country Jigg would shake em all to pieces.

Eld. Weal. True Sir; but as brittle ware as they are, they crack many a Ladies reputation, without ever hazzarding their own; and ought no more to be suffer'd in Families than Eunuchs, who, however unmann'd, can both divert and disgrace their Ladies if they please.

Soph. Nay, sure Mr. *Wealthy* now you're too severe.

Sir Will. Not a bit, faith *Tom*, I hate these young old fellows mortally.

Mar. On my Conscience 'tis *Scandalum Magnatum*, were I a man so wrong'd, I'd Cuckold you, to disprove you; but here comes the Widdow, I'll swear I'll tell.

Enter Widdow.

Oh Madam, would you believe it? This Mr. *Wealthy* is the vilest man, he says he believes Mr. *Shamtown* and Mr. *Littlegod* are Eunuchs, as if that your Ladiship, that has known what a real man is, would keep such Company, or suffer them to come into your House.

Sir Will. Ha, ha, why you little eyes you, what spare no body? She's a Wag Madam, she's a Wag.

Widd. I like her humour the better; but Mr. *Wealthy*, indeed you must give me leave to take the part of this young Lady, in behalf of the young Gentlemen who are men of extraordinary Parts, upon my word.

Eld.

Eld. VVeal. I doubt it not Madam, since your Ladiship is so well acquainted with them and their Parts.

Sir VVill. Nay, nay, the men may pass; but what a Pox is that young old fellow, that peeps out of his Perriwig like an Owl out of a Bush.

Eld. VVeal. O Damn him, an Antiquated Beau, aiming to be, but never in the fashion; saucy enough to Ape the Noblest man, but wrongs him as much as a damn'd Country sign did King *Charles* the Second; would make you believe he is a Linguist, but really pickt up the bits of Languages, by begging his way home when he was abroad. In short, to be Pawn Broker to a Basset Table, is the Top of his Pretensions.

VVidd. Upon my word, Mr. *VVealthy*, 'tis malice, for I receiv'd just now a very pretty Epistle from them, and am in Love with the design of changing our Ball, among our selves, into a harmless Masquerade, where every one may please their fancy in expressing either their humours or desires, by their dress; and so, though we know our full Company, be puzled to find out each other.

Mar. Troth, that's pretty indeed.

Sop. 'Twill help the merriment, no doubt; I like the humour.

Eld. VVeal. This is a Trick by Heav'n! I beg your Pardon, Madam; I confess, since we are so few, and we know all the Company, I cant find out the Jest of Masquerading; to drive on an Intrigue or so, I grant you.

Sop. Or to express our humours, by our dress, is full as well.

Eld. VVeal. Nay, Madam, I have done.

Mar. Sir *VVilliam*, what say you?

Sir VVill. With all my heart, i'faith, I'll Masquerade you; and if I find you out, you little eyes you, I will so creep mouse you. But what a Pox, we an't enough, we shall want Company.

VVidd. If you are all agreed, I'll send them word; and by the way, desire Mr. *Spruce* and his fair Lady's Company, and so please you.

Sir VVill. Agreed, agreed; come, be brisk *Tom*, let us be merry to Night, and please Heav'n, to morrow I'll settle the best part of my Estate upon thee, and thee upon her, i'faith *Tom*; and the rest my little eyes shall have if she will, and there's my care over.

Sop. Indeed Sir *VVilliam*, I must——

Sir VVill. I know it my dear Child, I know it, all Women must; take her aside *Tom*, and walk with her in the Garden, and tell her some fine things. Tell her she must, and where she must, and when she must, and how she must; go, go *Tom*, tell her all. What are you running away, you little eyes you? What, you must too, ha?

Mar. So must you too, Sir *William*, when you can; I must go to my Chamber and study my dress for the Masquerade, and some mischief against that black Devil, for I hate the sight of her. [*Exit.*

Sir Will. Get you gone you little Maggot, you little; um I could. The Devil's in her I think, I never come nigh her but I fancy, my self twenty again.

Widd. I have observ'd this old fellow is in Love with her; I'll try him, and help too if I can, for if young *Wealthy* should as he has threatned, their humours will so hit, I shall certainly lose him. Sir *William*, if you'll pardon me, I'll tell you something I have observ'd; and I believe I may serve you in it with that young Lady.

Sir Will. What says my Widdow, with that young Lady, ha?

VVidd. What think you Sir? would she not be a comfort to your Age? would not a Bedfellow so sweet, so free, so gay, so witty, lovely, and so young, renew your life, and give you a fresh Lease? What think you Sir, be ye open?

Sir Will. Think Widdow? Gad, I know not what to think, what her little Eyes mine, her little Nose mine, her little Mouth mine, nay, her little all mine. Ah, Widdow, I'll give thee five hundred pound let me live to see that day, I'll Article immediately Widdow; there, there's my hand on't, by the Lord *Harry*---but the Money's returnable if not.

Widd. Agreed, and I accept your Generosity. But then, unless you follow my advice, you ruin all my measures. In the first place, you must resolve to stay in Town; in the next, your youngest Son, whom every body Loves, they say that sees him, must be banish'd, if e're he pays his Duty as he threatned.——

Sir Will. Banish'd! Ounds, I'll hang him Widdow, a Rogue. I have enough to hang him when e're I please: Why, he robb'd me of five hundred pounds, Widdow.

Widd. What then, you would not hang your Son.

Sir Will. Let him keep off then, let him keep off then, a Dog; but my dear Widdow, at her, my dear VViddow, tell her fine things, my dear VViddow. VVhat a fine thing it is to have a great Estate, my dear VViddow, and to reign Mistress of a House and Family, my dear VViddow: Tickle her my dear VViddow, and I'll tickle her, my dear VViddow; hum. Methinks I have got her already; but VViddow, VViddow, rail damnably at all young fellows.

Widd. I'll warrant you Sir; how his old bones dance. Well, Sir *William*, I'll sound her presently, she's gone to her Chamber, and I'll to her instantly, and after Dinner I'll tell you more. *Sir*

Sir Will. Go, go, go, five hundred pound Widdow go; go Widdow, rail at all young Rogues. [*Exit Widd.*] Pox on them rotten Rogues, that can neither Drink nor Whore, and yet set up for both, with weak Hams, slackned Nerves, shaking Hands, and flannel Shirts, before they're five and twenty. I'll shew them what an old fellow can do. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Maria *in her Chamber Writing.*

Mar. So, this Letter will I show or drop before the Widdow: No, I'll shew it her, make her my Confident, as if it came from the Gentleman I met in the *Exchange*. There needs no Name; and though she knows his Hand, if she be Jealous, she'll believe that Counterfeit for fear of her. It begs I'de meet him there: I'll ask her Counsel, and observe her looks; if she be mov'd, my Cousin's in the right. Then if she goes to meet him in my stead, I'll Masque my self, and dog her to the place, and let him Judge whatever he thinks fit. I'll tell him that I came to vex them both.

Enter Betty.

Betty. Madam, the Widdow.

Mar. Wait upon her up, she leaps into my Net; I'll plague her very Heart.

Enter Widdow.

VWidd. Your Servant, Madam, still thinking on your Dress? I see you'll surprize us all with your fancy.

Mar. No Madam, I was otherwise employed; for being a perfect stranger to this Town, I was something troubled in my self to know whether I have met with a Civility or an Affront.

VWidd. Explain your self, good Madam; not from me I hope, nor any of my Servants.

Mar. Not in the least; so far from that, dear Madam, you are the only person in the World I'll trust, or ask advice of.

VWidd. You make me wonder.

Mar. You know how earnestly my Cousin and I entreated your good Company last night, till you convinc'd us how unfit it was for one so much afflicted, to be seen in naughty places, like the *New Exchange*.

VWidd. What means she? *aside.* Well Madam.

Mar. However after begging of your Prayers, and saying of our own, with aking hearts, you know we went; nay, and are come off alive.

VWidd.

Widd. Good Madam on.

Mar. Indeed there was much Company and fine, and had your Ladyſhip been there, I'm ſure you'd ſay the ſame.

Widd. I doubt it not Madam. The Devil, what does ſhe mean?

Mar. But grief you know Madam, however it may dull it ſelf at home with Balls, or harmleſs Muſick to divert, ought not to appear in publick, but in tears; that robb'd us of your company, dear Madam.

VVidd. And is it that diſturbs her?—'Tis that I fear's the incivility which you ſuſpect.

Mar. No, on my Life; ſwear to be ſecret and I'll tell you all.

VVidd. I vow: I would ſhe would begin.

Mar. There was a young and really handſome Gentleman.

VVidd. Ha, goes it there?

Mar. VVhat ſays your Ladiſhip?

VVidd. Nothing Madam, a handſom Gentleman you ſaid.

Mar. Nay, Madam, you'd have ſaid ſo had you ſeen him.

VVidd. Very likely; but what of him?

Mar. VVaiting, as afterwards, I found too plain, for better company, to paſs the time, began to talk with me.

Widd. Not rudely, I hope——This Devil could not know me.

Mar. She's ſtirr'd——ſo far from that, even at firſt ſight, nay, the firſt words he ſpoke, were Raptures, Flames and Darts; I know not what, but mixt with much Civility and VVit.

Widd. Theſe are the common Gallantries you meet; the young and beautiful muſt bear with this.

Mar. More Madam, he told me where I lodg'd, when I came hither, my Couſins Marriage, and the firſt letter of her Husbands Name.

Widd. And not his own.

Mar. No, but he'd wait on me he ſaid, and I believe him, for I juſt received this Letter by his Servant to my Maid, which I can conſtrue nothing but affront; for ſure he thinks me ſuch another Prize as the Lewd Minx he met.

Widd. Impoſſible; pray let me ſee it. By Heav'ns, this is none of his Hand! But that was Jealouſie of me, a trick I ſcorn him for.

Mar. She frets: Nay, Madam, let not your Zeal for me diſorder you ſo much, it is not worth your Anger, nor my Notice.

Widd. But Madam, ſuch a Villain, at the firſt ſight, without the leaſt acquaintance, to offer to requeſt a ſecond meeting of a young Lady in that open place, is ſo much impudence, ſuch an affront, it ſhocks a modeſt VVoman but to think it.

Mar.

Mar. And then ſo baſely too, to rail at her; I know he came to meet, and curſe her too. If you read on Madam, you'll find he curſes; curſes her, the occaſion of our parting, and rails at her impertinence and love.

VVidd. Oh baſe, baſe, Madam, monſtrous baſe. This they are all, but he the baſeſt living.

Mar. Nay, dear Madam.

Widd. Indeed I am too blame to wonder at it; I'll curb the juſt reſentments of my heart, and ſtrike at this to ſpeak for old Sir *William*.

Mar. Hang her, I'm vext to ſee her fret ſo much, for I ſhall love him more now out of ſpight; but if I ne're ſhould ſee him—oh that's ſad, would he would write indeed.

VVidd. Madam, you ask'd advice, if you'll accept it, judge but of this; you are young, and in a place ſo peſter'd with Intrigues, may unawares your inclination, fix on one may ſeem deſerving in your eye: But, believe me Madam, among the vain young flatterers o'th' Age

The Monſters, we fond Women Lovers call,
There's not one grain of truth. *Maria.* Among them all.

Widd. She mocks me certainly, but I'll obſerve her. No, for their Folly, Vanity and Pride, exceed the moſt ridiculous of us; and for their Vows, their Conſcience, or their Honour, a man on this ſide forty, is markt a fool, that ever meant a true word to a Woman.

Mar. Indeed.

Widd. By Sympathy the young affect the young, and ſhe's the happy Woman whoſe kind Lot directs her where thoſe Vanities are paſt, and Marries with the Ancient and Diſcreet. Were I to chooſe, I beg your Couſins pardon, I ſhould praiſe Sir *William* 'fore the Son.

Enter Betty.

Betty. Madam, I ſent your Letters, and had anſwer they will be here.

Widd. I come, Madam, you'll be ready immediately.

Mar. I'll wait on you, you have the Letter.

VVidd. Yes, Madam, at your Service.

Mar. No, pray, keep it Madam; I fear I ſhall be troubled ſtill with more; if it be ſo, i'll beg your Ladyſhip ſo far as in a Mask, to venture with me, and find out who it is, you can't deny me.

VVidd. You ſhall command me Madam, to my wiſh. I'll ruine this and him. Your Servant Madam.

Mar.

Mar. So, 'twas her he met, her folly and her jealousie betray'd it; by her grave counsel and railing at young men surely Sir *William* taught her, I'll find that out: Wou'd I as easily cou'd find a way to meet with him; he talkt of visiting, which with a formal shew as to the Widdow, if he has good nature, may be meant to me; I'd thank him for't: However, since I am resolv'd to see him, I'll trace and haunt the Widdow every hour, bribe every Maid she has, know all she does, read all her Notes, if Gold will break the Seals.

Not slip the least of any likely hint,
And then if all should fail, the Devil's in't.

SCENE a Chamber.

Discovers Mr. Shamtown *Dressing. Enter Mr.* Littlegad.

Littl. How, Mr. *Shamtown* not yet equipt? Impossible your fancy should be pall'd: I never yet in my whole half years travel, met an *Italian* could for humour match you. What can it mean, the Product must be wonderful.

Sham. A trifle Sir to yours, Judge when you see it; 'tis odd indeed, but strikes upon a string, that will declare my Love and Sufferings. You're for the Camp, methinks 'tis very fine, and I believe will take *Maria*'s humour.

Littleg. Do you sincerely think 'twill please the Ladies? Sir, 'tis the composition of my Travels, more than three Kingdoms claim a right to it: My Perriwig I bought in *Paris*, my Cravat at *Venice*, my other Linnen in *Flanders*, my Gloves at *Rome*, my Waistcoat at *Naples*, and my Sword is a *Milanese*.

Sham. You give a good account, Sir, of your Travels.

Littleg. If you'll believe me Sir, I went on purpose, that being at each place, what was their Pride, I might compare with the most nicely dress't.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, the Taylor is come with your Habit.

Sham. Bid him wait without.

Littleg. What, shant I see you dress'd; how shall I know you at the Ball?

Sham. O never fear, by the discription I gave you'll know me. We must not go together; pray for our Success; I'll meet you there immediately.

Littleg.

Littleg. Adieu. *Exit.*

Sham. Upon my life I go with an aking heart, for ſhould I be embaraſs'd with a confounded accident as I was at the laſt Ball, concerning that damn'd *China* Jar, I do not believe I ſhould be able to ſuſtain it. Pox on't, I've renounc'd back Capers ever ſince. [*Exit.*

SCENE Covent-Garden.

Enter Young Wealthy *finely dreſt.*

Jun. Weal. So, now for my Miſtriſs and my Father, methinks I am a very pretty fellow; certainly this old fellow wont have the heart to turn me out of doors, and diſgrace a Gentleman in his new Cloaths. But plague of his Country breeding, he'll ſwear I ſtole them, or at leaſt come to ſteal money of him to pay for them, and then ſans ceremony out goes the Reprobate Son, if not toſt in a Blanket; and egad if he does, I have often promis'd the Widdow, I'll marry her, make the Houſe my own, and turn him out in the dead of a damn'd thundring Rainy Night, and nothing but Lightning to guide him to another Lodging; or deliver him to the Watch for a Houſe-breaker; and there's trick for tricks. What a Pox is it to him. Ha, what's here Fiddles? [*Flouriſh Muſick.* Gad, I believe they are married to day; that's well, the Devils in him if he be'nt civil at ſuch a time. Well, ſince I muſt have a pluck at the Golden Fruit, I muſt venture waking the Old Dragon. [*Knocks, enter a Boy.* Is Sir *William Wealthy* within Sir?

Boy. Yes Sir, but there's a great deal of Company, I believe he's not to be ſpoke with.

Jun. Weal. What means the Muſick I heard, is his Son married?

Boy. No, Sir, 'tis a Ball.

Jun. Weal. Well Sir, I know them all, if you pleaſe to ſhew me up—

Boy. Sir, they are all in Maſquerade.

Jun. Weal. So much the better; canſt thou lend me a Maſque, here's a Crown for thee good Lad.

Boy. Yes Sir, pleaſe to walk in, I believe I can. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE a Hall.

Discovers the Masquers, Wealthy, Shamtown, Littlegad, Maria, Sophia, Spruce, *Mrs.* Spruce.

Mr. Spr. Methinks faith, this is a pretty Frollick, my Wife came in one Coach and I in another, and egad, among all this good Company, I know not which is she. Ah, there's many a Jealous fool in our *Change*, would be hang'd before he'd trust his Wife thus, for fear of being a Cuckold, forsooth: However, I'll look out for her, sure this is she, pray Madam, What is your inclination by your Dress.

Mrs. Spr. This must be my Husband, by that ingenious fancy; he would be an Alderman I find; if he were Knighted 'twould be well enough, for I would be a Lady, ride in an Aldermans great Iron-workt rattling guilt Coach, and laugh at every body on foot.

Sham. Which of these three's *Sophia?* I can't guess but that in the Nuns Habit, by her Stature, must be *Maria*; on and prosper, my dress may plead for me. Oh my sad heart.

Eld. Weal. Which of the Coxcombs is this? a pretty way to tell his Passion, and I must witness to't. Pox of all their Masking to this dumb piece of Courtship, and may be to my Mistris. I shall make that heart bleed afresh, if it aim there; and he goes right, for that I'm sure is she.

Sop. Was ever so ridiculous a sight? this must be my Lover, and sure that Jealous *Spaniard* must be *Tom.* Good Sir, how many hearts have you left whole, if a young Country Virgin should unfortunately Love you? Or is your Mistris Cruel, you look so pale on it?

Sham. Ah! Fair one! Let this Emblem of grief speak what I dare but think.

Eld. Weal. Madam, the man's in Love, can you not guess.

Sop. Good, churlish Sir, who are you? And why in this *Spanish* Habit.

Eld. Weal. It suits my temper best, Madam; I hate ridiculous Fops that change their fashions, to Court their Mistress, in variety; I am still the same, constant and ever loving; but if provok'd, as Jealous as Usurpers. I'de stab more hearts than *Cupid* has of his, and lay them bleeding at my Mistris Feet. Nor is't unjust, to think the man that Loves like me beyond a man, should, if once wrong'd, do things beyond

yond his reason. This Madam, whosoe're you are's my Character, and yet there lives not such a Slave as I am.

Sop. 'Tis a good one, less Jealousie tho' were better, for I would choose a life wholly retired from all the World, but that dear man I lov'd, where there were left no room for Jealousie, or groundless fears to interrupt our Love, but live long and happy days, and dye together.

Sham. Ah, Fair one! Would the Goddess I adore
Speak but such words, my Wounds would bleed no more.

Eld. Weal. Good bloody Bones keep off.

Sop. Fye, *Spaniard*, do not over Act your Part.

Sham. This must be *Wealthy*, I'll take a fitter time.

Littleg. Cruel Devotress, will you rob the World of the but one sweet Angel they have left, to add to those vast Millions are above? Let me prevail, throw off this Garb of sorrow; shine out the Glorious Princess of the Earth; in every Princes Court I'll sing your Praise, and with my Sword immortalize your Name: The stubborn'st Knight alive shallown your Beauty, Transcendent o're the Mistris of his heart.

Mar. Oh Vanity! Be gone, you Court that Honour which your Sword must win, more than the Mistris you pretend to fight for; and I have bid adieu to all the World.

Widd. That Nun must be *Maria*, and she, i'll swear, belys her inclinations; that Villain *Wealthy* knows it. That Phantastick thing must be Mr. *Shamtown*, but which of them is *Wealthy*, which Mr. *Littlegad*, I cannot guess; that must be *Spruce*, but where is Old Sir *William*?

Enter Sir William *like a Huntsman.*

Sir Will. Ye, la, ho, ho, hey, Jouler, oux ther, oux hey, Ranter hey.

Mar. Sir *William*, Sir *William.*

All. Ha ha ha.

Sir Will. Who are you? what my little eyes, little Nose, little mouth. What a Pox a Nun, is that thy Choice then, i'll build Churches.

Sham. How came it your Dogs are not in Masquerade too?

Sir Will. What a Pox is here with all these bloody hearts? Oux, oux, there, ye la ho.

Littleg. I wonder a man of your years should Hunt in Ladies Chambers.

Sir Will. Ye la ho oux, there oux too.

Mar. He may follow the scent, but can never keep up with his Game.

Sir Will. What, all upon me, my then, take off your Dogs.

Enter Young Wealthy *Masqu'd.*

Jun. Weal. What the Devil's the meaning of this, are they all mad, Nuns, Aldermen, Huntſmen, Heroes, Milk-maids, Ladies? And what a Pox, the man in the Almanack? I'll mix in the Crowd, and look out for my little one.

Eld. Weal. Ladies, if you'll be pleas'd to ſeat your ſelves, here's one will entertain you with a Song.

Sop. Mar. Widd. With all our Hearts.

SONG. Every now and then Sir William *hollows and Interrupts them.*

Eld. Weal. Nay, Sir, Sir, you ſpoil the Song.

Sir Will. Pox o'th' Song, there's more Muſick in this; let us Dance.

Widd. Agreed, agreed; but what Dance?

Sir Will. Why, the Frier upon the Nun: Where's my little Nun? Who are you Sir?

Jun. VVeal. Your Servant Sir.

Sir VVill. My Servant, Sir?

Mar. Bleſs me, who is it?——I never ſaw him before. Let us reckon our number, how many ſhould we be?

VVidd. Mind.

Sir VVill. One, two, three, four, five, ſix, ſeven, eight, nine.——The Devil, the Devil; this fellow will run away with half the Houſe. Ounds, Sir, who are you? If you are the Devil tell us ſo, that we may open the Doors and Windows, and give you free paſſage; it muſt needs be the Devil, I have heard of ſuch a buſineſs. Ay, ay, 'tis the Devil.

Jun. VVeal. No Sir, I am no Devil, but your Son.

Sir VVill. You lye you Dog, you're worſe than the Devil. Thieves, Murder, Rogues, I am undone, Lock up my Doors, call a Conſtable, I am undone.

Eld. VVeal. Nay, nay, Father, for ſhame; before all this Company.

Widd. Sir *William*, fye, conſider.

Sir Will. A Rogue, he's come to rob me; what the Devil does he here elſe?

Jun. Weal. With your leave you do me wrong, I am neither come to beg, borrow, nor ſteal, as you may ſee; for your five hundred pounds I am able to pay you, and then I owe you nothing but your begetting me, and may be I repent that as much as you; and ſo Sir good b'y. I came to have ask'd your bleſſing had you pleas'd.——Now will he call me back.

Sir Will. Who's that, my Son *Frank*?

Jun.

Jun. Weal. Yes, yes, this is your Son *Frank*.

Sir Will. *Frank*, why come hither you Rascal you.

Jun. Weal. O the blessing of a kind Father.——Your blessing Sir.

Sir Will. Ah, thou hast been a Rogue *Frank*, but I forgive thee.

Jun. Weal. Then the Debt's paid.

Sir Will. What say you?

Jun. Weal. I thank you Sir.

Sir Weal. But where didst thou get this money *Frank*, is it all Current? Let's see *Frank*.

Jun. Weal. Brother, I am heartily glad to see you, I hear you are to be married. Pray which of all these fair Ladies will honour me with the Name of Brother?

Eld. Weal. This; and she does indeed.

Jun. Weal. Joy to you both.

Eld. Weal. This is her Cousin Brother.

Jun. Weal. All lovely kindred, faith, with your leave, sweet one.

Mar. Cousin.

Soph. Nay, I pity you.

Jun. Weal. Madam, I hope you'll pardon this Intrusion.

Widd. On any account but this.

Jun. Weal. Your Servant Mrs. *Spruce*.

Spr. Ah smack her Mr. *Wealthy*.

Sir Will. Ay, ay, smack; he'll smack her; ah 'tis a Dog, a handsom Dog, and a strong Dog. But he's a Rogue, a damn'd Rogue, I must look to him, he'll rob me again else when his money's gone.

Jun. Weal. An extraordinary fancy this of yours Sir.

Sham. To Divert the Ladies Sir.

Jun. Weal. A Hero too. Mr. *Littlegad* you've wondrous fancy; Ladies, you were talking of a Dance, let me not hinder you.——By your leave Mr. Hero, if I beg this Lady as a Relation for my Partner.

Littleg. Damn him, I shall miss my opportunity.

Sir Will. Why Sirrah, Sirrah, robbing me already, ha.

Mar. No, no, Sir *William*, I danc'd with you in the morning.

Sir Will. Gad a mercy Nuns flesh, i'll creep mouse you for this; and for that i'll send my Rogue *Frank* packing, well I'll sit by and see you. *Tom, Tom*, to the Widdow: Strike up there, who leads?

All. Mr. *Spruce*, sure none but Mr. *Spruce*.

Mr. Spr. Your Servant Ladies.

Dance: All the Dance Sir William *sits upon the ground, and every time* Maria *comes by him, catches at her Petticoat.* *Sham.*

Sham. This must be the time. } *Offers to slip a Note into* Sophia's
Sop. What Insolence is this. } *hand, she strikes it down, Sir*
Sham. Death and Hell. } William *snatches it up and looks*
Sir Will. Treason *Tom*, Treason! } *on it.*

Ounds, a Plot upon your Mistriss; a Plague of these bleeding Hearts.
[*Dance breaks off, Eldest* Wealthy *takes the Note.*

Eld. VVeal. Do you own this? [*To* Shamtown.

Sham. What if I did Sir?

Eld. Weal. I'de pay the Postage. [*Strikes him.*

Sir Will. God a mercy *Tom*: Sir, you are a Son of a Whore; well said *Tom.* [*All shriek and run out but the VViddow.*

Widd. For Heav'ns sake, Gentlemen, consider where you are; you have frighted all the Ladies.

Sham. Monsieur.

Eld. Weal. Damn you, speak *English.*

Jun. Weal. Monsieur.

Eld. Weal. What said he *Frank?* [Frank *whispers him.* Very well. Madam, I beg your pardon if I have gone beyond the Rules of Civility, impute it to the ill manners of your friends.

Sir Will. Yes faith, Widdow, I beg your Pardon, but that fellow is a Son of a Whore, that's certain. But where's my little Nun? 'shud, they han't run away with her too?

Widd. They are within Sir *VVilliam*, but half dead with the fright.

Sir Will. I'll go comfort her, but that fellow, Widdow, is a Son of a VVhore. Let us in, let us in, a damn'd Son of a VVhore. [*Exeunt Widdow and Sir VVilliam.*

Eld. Weal. Behind *Southampton*-house you say, at six exactly.

Jun. Weal. So their fury tells us if it hold.

Eld. Weal. Brother, you must not be engag'd in this, but of that more anon. I'll not stay here to Night, we shall be prevented. Boy, call a Coach to the back door; make haste and fetch my Cloak and other Cloaths immediately. This business gives me double satisfaction. Pardon me, dear *Sophia*, for the mean mistrust I had of thee, and if this insolence go unrewarded, debar me of the blessing of thy Love; come *Frank.*

Jun. Weal. Gad a mercy *Tom*; now if this surly Country fellow should give this Beau a curst uncouth thrust in the Guts, 'twill disgrace his Shape most damnably. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Sir William, *speaking as he comes.*

Sir Will. Gads me, *Tom*, *Tom*, your Miſtriſs is in a ſwound there. *Tom*, *Tom*, what a Pox is he gone? the Devil, where is he gone? Horſe, Horſe there, Ounds, Murder, where is he gone? [*ſhriek within, all the women run in.*

All. VVhat's the matter Sir *VVilliam*, the matter?

Sir VVill. Nothing at all Child; but where are they all gone?

Boy. Sir, they took Coach, and drove away as faſt as the Horſes could lay Legs to ground.

Sop. So! [*Swounds.*

Widd. Look to the Lady, carry her in. [*Exeunt women.*

Mrs. Spr. Ah me; and poor Mr. *Spruce* too gone?

Spr. No, my dear, I am ſafe enough, but damnably frighted. [*Creeps from under the Table.*

Sir VVill. What, under the Table? The Devil haunt you; come out here, and run along with me to the Conſtable, and to my Lord Chief Juſtices, and the Kings Guards. Oh Lord, I ſhall have my Son *Tom* kill'd; kill my Son *Frank* no great matter, but my Son *Tom* kill'd would break my heart. Come along, you Cowardly, Sneaking.---Oh my Son *Tom*. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE the Fields.

Enter Eldeſt VVealthy, *and young* Wealthy.

E. VVeal. BRother, your extraordinary Generoſity has drawn you into a buſineſs, in which, of all Mankind you ought to have been the laſt I ſhould have choſen; if I would have followed the barbarous cuſtome of our Country, in making uſe of a Second, and under that abus'd phraſe bring in a Friend, as if that were fit buſineſs to employ a real friend in: Therefore, *Frank*, however high your blood may work you, unleſs I am unequally oppos'd, draw not your Sword, but let me right my ſelf.

Jun. VVeal. Faith *Tom*, I ſhall not much uphold that cuſtome, but as you are a Brother and a Friend, a Stranger too, in all theſe Noble Feats,

Feats, I must exchange a Thrust or two to back you: besides, I fancy I am a Principal; for when these nice-chap't Grey-hounds hunt in couples, 'tis no single Booty that they aim at: My pretty one was mark't for Slaughter too. And Faith Sir, he shall win her e're he wear her, with your good leave.

E. VVeal. Make that appear, curse him that bars your hand: A Mistress is a glorious Cause to fight for. Pray Heavens the Villain be but brave enough to meet, and Rival me with equal fury, and not disgrace the beauty of my Cause.

Jun. VVeal. Faith if he does he's strangely alter'd Sir: For I have heard of him in several Quarrels, where he would trust his Honour with a man that never yet gave him a good account oft: But such a Cause may work a Miracle. And mine I judge just such a noble person.

Eld. VVeal. I'm sorry for't: But certainly they'll come. And Brother, since you will be your own Master, I beg you be not rash, think what you do.

Jun VVeal. Faith *Tom*, and that's well thought on; so I will. Let me consider, I am going now to fight for my Mistriss: That is, She must be my Mistriss: Poor Soul, she knows nothing of the matter yet. And I am to Fight with a Gentleman, that for ought I know, knows nothing of the matter neither. Now I know I love her with all my heart, and perhaps against her will. And I'd fight for her with all my heart, but should she love me, that's against her will too: Then I'de marry her with all my Soul too. But pox on't, if she don't love me, that's against her will again; so the Lords will be done. I venture my Carkass upon an ill lay, there's an end on't. Brother, I have settled my Conscience; wou'd they wou'd come.

Eld. Weal. However Fate designs you *Frank*, your Treasure must not be exhausted upon this account; there's Fifty Guineas, put them up safely, they'll prove good Friends, howe're the matter goes.

Jun. Weal. What, Smart-money, *Tom*! Well, if I light upon a Surgeon that has any grace, a man may get a small Clap cur'd into the bargain.

Eld. Weal. You'll find if I should fall a hundred more in this Right Fob. Don't let those Rascals plunder me: For should they lay my Money out in Perriwigs and Cravat-strings 'twould grieve my Ghost worse than my Death. I have order'd Horses for us not far off. Damn 'um, the morning wastes, what mean these Loyterers; prethee look out.

Jun.

Jun. Weal. Stand to your Arms *Tom*, your Enemy draws on.

Enter Mr. Shamtown *and Mr.* Littlegad.

Eld. Weal. Sir, you're something late in doing your self Justice; unless you're sensible you deserv'd the blow I gave you. But this is no place for Parley. Draw.

Jun. Weal. By your leave, but 'tis Dear *Tom*; a moments Temper. Sir, since these Gentlemen know what they fight for, 'twere something fit that you and I did too; for I suppose, if you dare own it, Sir, that you were charg'd with a damn'd white-powder'd Bullet-Deux, to have shot the other Lady, without any Report.

Littleg. I scorn to disavow a passion, Sir, for beautiful *Maria*: But--

Jun. VVeal. But your Servant Sir. Draw: Draw, both Traytors: *Tom*, fall on. *They Fight.*

Thrust lower *Tom*, my Gentleman Dances. *They fall, the two Brothers upon them.*

St. *George* I'faith *Tom.* Your Sword, Sir.

Eld. VVeal. Your Life.

Sham. I own it.

Jun. VVeal. Your Sword Sir.

Littleg. Take it. [*Rises.*

Eld. VVeal. Then take it as my gift. Whene're I see you where this Quarrel arose, I'll take the forfeiture.

Jun. VVeal. Art thou hurt *Tom.*

Eld. VVeal. No *Frank*, nor in danger of it.

Jun. VVeal. There Sir, your Sword again. The Lady's mine. Your Servant Gentlemen. You know on what conditions you live. Farewel. *Exeunt.*

Sham. Come let's be drest. Pox on the Ladies: We have done enough to talk of in the Coffee-house this month, and there's some comfort still. I'm glad 'tis over.

Enter Sir William, *Mr.* Spruce, *Guards, Constable and VVatch.*

Mr. Spruce. Ha, who's here? 'tis they: One of them bleed.

Sir VVill. Bloody too: Son *Toms* blood: Zounds Son *Toms* blood: Draw Dog, draw; where's my Son *Tom*, you Son of a Whore. Fall on, fall on.

Sham. For Heavens sake, Gentlemen, he's just there; just yonder unhurt: just gave us both our lives.

Sir VVill. Say you so: Hold them fast tho. *Runs to the side of the Stage.*

So ho *Tomme*, Son *Tomme*. *They move further.*

My Dear *Tomme*. There's *Frank*: Was *Frank* hurt at all.

Littley. No Sir.

Sir Will. No, Pox on him, he fights every day.

Re-enter both the Wealthy's.

Ah, my dear Son *Tom*: [*Runs and falls upon his Neck.*
Here they come, here they come: Oh my dear Son *Tommy*. Ah my poor *Tommy*.

Eld. Weal. Good Sir, how came you hither with all this Rabble and Guards about you.

Jun. Weal. 'Sdeath Brother, the Old fellow has seiz'd upon the Gentlemen.

Eld. Weal. Gentlemen, you may go, we are sorry for this mistake.

Sir Will. Ay, ay, you may go, and the Devil go with you.

Eld. Weal. But good Sir, how came you hither?

Sir Will. O Pox *Tom*, I could not sleep a wink---I have been at all the Slaughtering Fields I could name about the Town, at *Barn-Elms*, and at *Putney-Common*, and *Chelsey-Fields*, and *Red-Lyon-Fields*; at all the *Golgatha's* about the Town. And Mr. *Spruce*, I thank him, went along with me before it was quite Day; he's a damn'd Coward, but he's a very Honest Man.

Mr. Spr. Indeed, Mr. *Wealthy*, my heart ak'd for you. And if my young Mr. *Wealthy* had been kill'd, 'twou'd have broke my *Molly's* Heart, she has such a tenderness for him.

Sir Will. Faith, he speaks true, I dare swear his heart ak'd, for he started at every Bush he came nigh; but I am glad to see thee my dear *Tom* and *Frank*; *Frank's* a good Boy too.

Eld. Weal. Sir, I thank you for your Tenderness, but would not for a thousand Worlds you had prevented us. *Frank*! Sir, this is your Son, my Brother and my Friend. I beg you would entertain him in your Heart.

Sir Will. Who, *Frank*? *Frank's* one I always lov'd till he play'd the Rogue and Robb'd me. *Frank*, *Frank*, that was a filthy business: But no matter, I'm so o're-joy'd, I will give thee---let me see, what shall I give thee?

Jun. Weal. Ay, wou'd I cou'd see it.

Sir Will. I will give thee now, I will give thee. I will forgive thee now *Frank*; and there's a Gift for thee.

Jun. Weal. That all: I thank you Sir, I thought to have paid you now.

Sir Will. What say'st thou Boy?

Jun.

Jun. Weal. I thank you Sir.

Sir Will. O *Tom*, my joy to see thee has been so great, I forget to tell thee sad News; your Mistress *Tom*.

Eld. Weal. What of her Sir?

Sir Will. O she's blind by this time.

Eld. Weal. What mean you Sir?

Sir Will. She has cry'd her Eyes out Man. The little naughty Girl too, that never cry'd but just when she was born, has been snuffling ever since.

Jun. Weal. Now if that were for me, agad I'd cry too. No, no, it must be for me.

Eld. Weal. I'll fly to comfort her, my dear *Sophia*.

Sir Will. Fly? Yes *Tom* you may fly; fly your Country if you please. Ounds, she swears she'll never see you more: You have betray'd her Honour, lost her Reputation, undone her quite, and fixt her in the Rank of loose-tail'd Ladies, whose good Name must be fought for, or be lost.

Eld. Weal. Cou'd she say this?

Sir Will. More, more man; she'll go into the Country too night, but if you were kill'd, she swore she'd not out-live you.

Eld. Weal. There's love and life in that: Curse on my Temper, what wrong could such a Dog have done to me? What Honour too to fight so poor a Creature? Did she not slight and scorn him to my face? O my *Sophia*, Pardon this last ill-natur'd Tempest here: Receive me with the Arms of Tenderness, and there becalm my Soul and thine for ever. Come, Sir Brother.

Jun. Weal. I wait on you.

Sir Will. There, there's Money for you; thank you Friends, thank you. My dear *Tomme*.

Servants. Thank you Sir. *Exeunt all but Mr.* Spruce *and Jun.* Weal.

Spruce. Well, I'll tell her what a kindness you have for her: And I'll assure you, Mr. *Wealthy*, there's no Love lost; I have heard her speak as kind things of you as of any body except me, and me you know---

Jun. Weal. O 'tis impossible she should love, that is love so far as to lye with any body but you.

Spruce. Indeed Mr. *Wealthy*, I must say I believe I have been no small satisfaction to her since I marry'd her: she knows when she's well: I warrant you she wou'd not change me for any man. I won't keep you, Sir, I'll tell her how you love her.

Jun. Weal. So do, Mr. *Spruce*: You need not fear Rivals.

Spruce. Adieu.

Jun. Weal. Now for my Prize, I think I won her fairly. *Exit.*

Spruce. Rival! ha, ha. No faith, I have not ſold Perfumes, Ribbonds, Gloves, White-waſhes, and other ſorts ſo long, but I know how to make my ſelf agreeable as well as any of my Cuſtomers: Nor have I follow'd *Tunbridge* and *Epſom*, and ſometimes *Iſlington* Wells ſo long, but that I know how to gain more hearts, as well as ſecure a perfect inclination, even I believe to the loathing of any other perſon. Therefore, when I am perſwaded, like my Friend Topknot, into that ridiculous Opinion of being a Cuckold; the Lord have mercy upon my Head, my Wits are far gone indeed. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Widdow.

Widd. We have a ſad diſtracted Houſe: All our Servants are run after Sir *William*; all the Maids are crying o're their Miſtriſs.-----I pity poor *Sophia*, but that young Devil, however ſhe ſeems mov'd with her Couſins grief, mourns her fear'd loſs of my perfidious Wretch. They muſt be gone to fight, wou'd he were kill'd.---I had rather ſee him dead than ſee him hers. She knows I love him, I'm ſure ſhe muſt; and by that Letter try'd me unprovided; knows that I met him there, but I'll watch her, and try her to the quick: *Betty.*

Betty. Madam.

Widd. I charge you when Sir *William* returns, call me immediately; let me firſt ſee him on your life; take heed be not from the way. I know the Old fool loves her, he told me ſo himſelf, and ask'd my judgment, as being a Grave Perſon fit to adviſe. I'll tell him how ſhe dotes upon his Son, and if he's ſuffer'd here he muſt not hope. And to convince him more, however the buſineſs goes, he ſhall report him dead, to try her, and if ſhe ſtands that teſt, ſhe does out-wit me. At leaſt, Sir *William's* Jealouſie I know will ſoon forbid the Rebrobate his Houſe. And 'tis ſome pleaſure to remove the Scene, and not be Nos'd by a Girl in my own Houſe.

Betty. O Madam, Madam, Sir *William.*

Widd. What ails my Woman's Heart, ſure I can't pitty him. Well, what News?

Betty.

Betty. Sir *William* and his two Sons are below: I am ſure by Sir *VVilliam*'s talk, they have been fighting, but neither of them ſeem hurt.

VVidd. Away, I'll meet with him. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Diſcovers Mrs. Sophia *and Mrs.* Maria *in Tears, their Maids waiting on them; one comes in.*

Soph. No Anſwer yet? No News?

Maid. None Madam.

Soph. Is not Sir *VVilliam* come neither, 'ſure 'tis almoſt Noon. They muſt have fought, and the dear raſh Man's kill'd. O Grief, O Inſupportable Misfortune. Is't not enough my Reputation's ſtain'd, my Honour queſtion'd, my Fame, that ſtood as fair as Day diſputed, but muſt my Love dye in ſo ill a Cauſe? Was't not enough I ſwore to quit him ever, puniſh his Faults with everlaſting abſence, but muſt he dye, dye, upon my Account? Dye in my Quarrel?

Maria. Patience, dear Couſin, Patience, we ſhall hear better News than Death; I hope they're both together whereſoe're they are; Brothers, and Valiant both, ne're doubt their ſafety, thoſe fellows dare not look them in the Face.

Soph. Is't not ſtill worſe, ingage a Family at once? Nay, I've wrong'd thee *Maria*, for though his Brother has been counted looſe, he looks a Noble Gentleman; and now perhaps I have robb'd thee of thy choice.

Maria. Indeed, I ſhou'd be loath to hear his Death, though he is a perfect Stranger yet to me; but would I had never ſeen him, I know not what I feel; fear of the Widdow, fear of loſing him, has made me love too ſoon, before I know whether he has the leaſt good thought of me.

Maid. Madam, I hear ſome body.

Soph. Run to the Door immediately; ſee who 'tis.

Maid. Sir *William* Madam, and the *VViddow*.

Mar. She weeps; oh ſpeak, Sir *VVilliam* ſpeak, where's your Sons?

Sir VVill. Sons? Son *Tom*'s very well, but there has been the Devil to do; I have been forty mile about to find them, though *Tom*, he'll be with you preſently.

Mar. But where's that other Son, Sir *VVilliam*? My heart akes.

Sir VVill. Who, *Frank*?

Soph.

Soph. Yes, Sir.

Sir Will. Who Pop he was always Disobedient; there never comes better of Disobedience.

Mar. He's Dead, and I could tear her Eyes out for crying; I'll weep it all my self.

Soph. What mean you Sir, he is not kill'd?

Widd. So Sir *William* told me; Mark, Mark, Sir *William*, a fresh Flood.

Soph. Then as I hope ever to dye in Peace, I'll never see or Wed to Mr. *Wealthy*.

Sir Will. So, so, Widdow, there's fine work—How shall we get off this business?

Widd. Have Patience, time enough.

Sir Will. Not see him Child, he's just at the Door almost, how could he help it, he loves thee Child, and is sorry he has angred you. [*Exit Soph.*

Sir Will. Whether is she going? Zounds, here will be more mischief. But how now little Eyes, what makes you cry? Look up.

Mar. Look up and Curse such a remorseless Father. [*Exit.*

Widd. Now Sir be judge, is't fit that he stay here? if he goes, you yet might hope to win upon her.

Sir Will. No, no, stay, Pox on him, I'll send him packing: But here comes *Tom*. [*Enter* Tom.

Eld. Weal. What News Sir? How does my angry Love? Have you inform'd her all? Will she forgive?

Sir Will. Yes: I told her thou wert well. But on her Knees, she vow'd she'd never see you; have but a little patience she'll forget it.

Eld. Weal. Which way went she?

Sir Will. She's lock'd her self into that Room within; but where's your Brother?

Eld. Weal. I left him in the Garden; he's a coming.

Widd. 'Sdeath, he'll meet *Maria*; I'll go watch them.

Sir Will. Run, run, he follows you. [*Exit.* Manet, Eld. Weal. *and Sir* Will.

Sir Will. Take Heart *Tom*, take Heart, I warrant we bring matters about again, have but patience. Pox on this young Dog, he's met her and spoil'd all the Plot. To her *Tom*, to her; beg her Pardon, and all will be well. [*Exit.*

Eld. Weal. Yes, on my knees. Nay, and she must forgive me.

For tho' the humblest way my Love will choose,
And all the Arts to tempt good Nature use,
Shou'd she at last my Penitence refuse.

I

I know my ſtubborn Temper will return,
And then too late ſhe will her anger Mourn;
When I have ſeiz'd the Raſcal Author of my Pain,
Kill'd, Stab'd, Deſtroy'd, and ruin'd all again.

SCENE diſcovers *Maria* on a Bank, in Tears.

Enter young Wealthy.

Jun. Well. A Pritty Garden this; ha, whoſe that, the purchaſe of my Sword? My Love in Tears? Miſtruſt of my Sickneſs! I'll Court her in Heroicks. So, when the God of War ſets out for Fights and Ranges through the Fields in Blood and Duſt, the ſweet-ey'd *Venus* takes a lonely flight, and in ſome ſoft Retirement of Heaven, bemoans the vaſt Fatigues the Hero bears. So, ſo, this will do in Tears. My Goddeſs.

Mar. Bleſs me!

Jun. Weal. 'Sdeath, I han't waſh'd my face to Day, and ſhe takes me for *Vulcan*. *Mars*, by the Gods, come flu ſht with Honour from the Bloody Field, ready to lay them all beneath your feet.

Mar. Alive!

Jun. Well. Yes, live to tell you how I fought; to tell you how I'd dye for my Delight, ſo that you'd let me taſt this lovely Fruit, and make live again. [*Kiſs.*

Mar. By Heaven no Ghoſt; true ſolid Fleſh and Blood.

Jun. Weal. Such as it is Madam; 'tis blood that flutters now about my Heart, and Dances to the Muſick of your Eyes. Oh, Fair one, ſince I ſaw you Fate has been abroad, and angry Rivals threatned in the Fields, yet nought cou'd take that Object from my mind.

I kept your lovely form ſtill in my view,
And as I fought, I look'd, and fought for you.

Mar. 'Twas frankly fought; and Sir, I give welcome from your Wars, but grieve I cannot recompence your Valour.

A Heart's a trifle to ſo great a Hero,
And that is all we Virgins can beſtow.

Jun. Weal. That and a little more is all I ask, and Virgins have them both.

Mar. But ſure you would not rob me of my All, my moſt Uncourteous Knight?

Jun. Weal. No, I'd be thy All, thy All in All; thy All in ev'ry part.

And

And you ſhall have all me with all my heart. And know now I've begun, I'll fight Mankind to keep thee to my ſelf.

Mar. Whether I give incouragement or no?

Jun. Weal. I'll win you as a Hero ſhould his Miſtriſs, kill Monſters, Dragons, do *Herculean* Labours; I hate a ſnivling, tedious, ſeven years Courtſhip, loſing our Youth and time: Put me to Action, let me convince you early of my Love, that I may neither loſe my time nor you.

Mar. For a ſmall Tryal; anſwer me quick; tell me. Know I the Lady which you went to meet in the *Exchange*. Do you boggle? Good b'y Sir.

Jun. Weal. 'Tis a Raſcally Trick; but in ſhort, it was my Lady *Sly*, and there's quirk for your quirk. Now, Madam, will you ſtand me a queſtion?

Mar. With all my heart.

Jun. Weal. What made your Ladiſhip in Tears juſt now?

Mar. I'll give you leave to gueſs it was for you.

Jun. Weal. And give me leave thus then to pay my thanks, ſince I have own'd this early kindneſs for you; you muſt expect i'll be convinc'd of yours.

Therefore prepare, and as I find
You conſtant, I'll be kind.

Enter Sir William.

Sir VVill. Rogue, Dog, Traytor; I'll fight with him my ſelf.

Jun. Weal. I ſhall be turned out of Doors, and loſe my opportunities with my dear one; gad, I've a Trick left for that ſtill.

Sir Will. Draw Rival draw, I---

Jun. Weal. Good Dad put up, *O Se Defendendo's* a Damn'd buſineſs.

Sir VVill. Why look you now! The Rogue would murder me; I'll ſwear the Peace againſt him.

Mar. Are you mad Sir *VVilliam*? Nay then fight it out.

Jun. Weal. Sir *William*, hear me.

Sir VVill. Hear you? No you Dog, but I'll hang you.

Jun. VVeal. Then Sir I reſign my ſelf to you, will you yet hear me?

Enter Eldeſt Wealthy.

Eld. VVeal. What's the matter, Madam?

Mar. Only Sir *VVilliam* is bewitch'd. I'll watch him if he turns him out of Doors, I have a Game to play, for I muſt plague him; and if I find he loves me, let him take me. [*Aſide.*

Eld.

Eld. Weal. Good Sir, what is't that disorders you?

Sir Will. What's that to you Sir; and now I think on't, you advised me to it; you were the Match-maker.

Jun. Weal. Sir you mistake, why wont you hear me?

Eld. Weal. 'Sdeath, you undo my Brother; he has no thoughts of *Maria*.

Sir Will. What made him with her then?

Eld. Weal. Meer accident; he's promis'd to the Widdow, Sir, to my knowledge, tho' she will not own it.

Sir Will. How! she's Rich; shes a Miserable Woman then: The Dog will undo her. Come hither Sirrah, do you make love to the Widdow here?

Jun. Weal. Sir, here are Letters under her Hand, that would have convinc'd you as much, would you have been patient; yet should she ever know I own'd it Sir, 'twou'd break the Match, and ruin my Designs.

Sir Will. This may be true, the Widdow's Jealous of him with *Maria*; so much the better, 'twill make her earnester in my Affair. Well Sir, if she be fool enough, go on, I'll keep your Counsel. [*Exit Sir William.*

Jun. Weal. Faith *Tom*, thou camst in a lucky hour, we were just a going to take a fair Tilt, the old Gentlemans Jealousie was up; how fairs your Mistris? When is your happy day?

Eld. Weal. She utterly at first deny'd me seeing her, and so Resents the Rashness of my Quarrel, such an Affront done to her Reputation, by Heav'n, I fear'd she'd never pardon it. But so far I have prosper'd, only pardon'd.

Jun. Weal. That's all the effect of love; a day or two will soften her again, write to her first; *Maria* will attend and plead thy cause.

Eld. Weal. How goes the Cause with her?

Jun. Weal. It thrives; she gives me a free Stage, and if I can convince her of my Love, which must be done, she gives me reasonable hopes of hers, but swears she'll try me first.

Eld. Weal. Success to you in all: My task is hard, but I'll about it.

Jun. Weal. Never fear *Tom*; she's born to be thy Wife: And as sure
As after Marriage they must all be Rul'd,
So *Tom*, before it they may all be Fool'd. *Exeunt severally.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Discovers Young Wealthy in Prison.

Jun. Weal. A Comfortable Being this! Snapp'd last Night like a Dog by a parcel of Raſcally Bailiffs, and Mew'd up here for 500 *l.* Loſt my Miſtriſs, loſt my Liberty, loſt my Widdow too, I fear, for I can get no anſwer of my Letter. The Devil! This muſt be malice: I owe 500 *l.* but to one, and how the Devil they ſhould all agree to confound me, I can't tell. *Enter Eld. Wealthy.* Tom, this is kind indeed, to viſit a Brother in affliction.

Eld. Weal. Dear *Frank*, I come to beg thou'lt let me know which is the beſt and readieſt way to ſerve you? What's the Action?

Jun. Weal. Five hundred Pound. I owe the Town indeed 500 *l.* and I believe the whole Town is the Plaintiff: Therefore the readieſt way, dear *Tom*, will be to ſearch the Offices, that I may know at whoſe ſuit I am here; my Father knows of it, I gueſs he's ſtrangely troubled.

Eld. Weal. Strangely indeed, for he wou'd let thee ſtarve; but I'll away and ſearch the Offices.—Be not dejected *Frank*, for ſhortly I ſhall have command of Money, and if no way but paying of the Debt will give you freedom, I'll lay down the Money, and thou ſhalt laugh at the Old Man's ill Nature.

Jun. Weal. Does *Maria* know it?

Eld. Weal. Yes, and pitties you extreamly, rails at my Father for his Cruelty, and ſpeaks moſt tenderly of your Misfortune.

Jun. Weal. There's ſome comfort ſtill; if I can get out no other way, tell her I'll break through the Stone Walls to thank her.

Eld. Weal. Never fear, I'll bring you News immediately. [*Exit.*

Jun. Weal. I wonder how this Old Rogue my Father, could get two ſuch honeſt fellows for his Sons; this is a Brother. But wou'd my Widdow wou'd come, ſhe's Rich, and I'm engag'd to her already, an't 'twou'd be even a pain to be oblig'd ſo much by one who is to me a ſtranger, though my Brother. How like a Counter-Rat I look——I'll lay me down to ſleep, and dream of Liberty. *Enter*

Enter Widdow. A Letter.

My dear Widdow! This is kind indeed.

Widd. Good Sir, why did you send for me?

Jun. Weal. For the same Reason which I hope you came. Why all this Coldness? What have you learnt this lesson of my Father, and come to preach, or practise it upon me? My Constancy and Love's but ill repaid, if this must be the time you chuse for parting.

Widd. Constancy! Thou Devil!

Jun. Weal. In Hell, Madam, you might have said, but no Devil.

Widd. Yes Devil, to wrong the woman, that ne'r yet wrong'd you, but sacrific'd my Fortunes and my Honour to make you easie, and maintain your Pride.

Jun. Weal. Did I e're yet disown it, Madam?

Widd. Most basely in your Actions, though your Words (that natural deceit in all your Sex) flatter'd me still to keep me still your Fool; but I'm convinc'd; and now 'tis all the pleasure I have left, that I came here in scorn, to let you know I've seen your baseness punish'd. So farewell. *Offers to go.*

Jun. Weal. Madam, though I can meet your scorn with scorn, and Perish as indifferently as you with it, you shall in Justice let me know what grounds for this; or is it a Pretence? Own it true Woman, own it, find out a Lustier Fellow for your use, you've nick'd your time; laugh at your *Quondam* Servant, and be Damn'd.

Widd. This wo'not do, your Pride won't carry't off, or make me think of you in any terms, but as the most ungrateful of Mankind.

Jun. Weal. For what? 'Sdeath, how? Be plain.

Widd. You cannot guess: O Impudence!

Jun. Weal. You Scold well, indeed Madam; but I remember a bit of a Song very proper; I'll Sing it if you please, Madam,

Widd. Sing! The Devil choak him.

He Sings. Love and true Merit do seldom prevail,
For always you hold a wet Eel by the Tail.

Widd. Good Mr. *True Merit*; thou Monster, look upon this Letter, you don't know it, though the hand be Counterfeit; a shallow Cheat.

Jun. Weal. Then Witness for me all you Powers Divine,
If this be any Word, or Hand of mine.

Widd. O Impudence!

Jun. Weal. Perdition seize me if I ever saw it.

Widd. Monstrous!

Jun. Weal. If I did Madam, may I never be bleſs'd with the Light of the Sun.

Widd. Curs'd Lye.

Jun. Weal. But be ſhut up in Eternal Darkneſs in this Dungeon.

Widd. Unparellell'd Villany!

Jun. Weal. May I be Rooted here a Spectacle to your Ladiſhip.

Widd. Would'ſt thou go to the Devil directly?

Jun. Weal. Nor be ever more in your good Grace.

Widd. Be Hang'd.

Jun. Weal. If I know one word of the matter; therefore, good Madam, tell me how you came by this.

Widd. You did not write this to Mrs. *Maria*?

Jun. Weal. Why, did ſhe give it you?

Widd. What's that to you: By Heaven! I ne're thought of this: Upon my Soul it was a Trick; but by his haſte to know I find his Thoughts, yet he is better than I thought of him, and I muſt uſe him better.

Jun. Weal. 'Twas my pretty little Rogues Letter; dull Dog, ſhe's Jealous of me. Ah, would I were out.

Widd. Shall I believe you did not write this Letter?

Jun. Weal. Shall I curſe any more?

Widd. No.

Jun. Weal. How came you by it?

Widd. 'Twas ſent me as a Copy ſtole from you of one you writ.

Jun. Weal. A likely Story; and you ſoon believ'd it, to ſhake me off, juſt now ſtarving in Goal; I thank you Madam.

Widd. No, my dear *Wealthy*, never, wou'd you love me.

Jun. Weal. Could I have ſpoke ſuch barbarous things to you?

Widd. No, but you'd do worſe ſhou'd you ever leave me.

Jun. Weal. Leave you, Child! I can neither leave you, nor be with you while I am here.

Widd. What is your Debt?

Jun. Weal. Only five hundred Pound.

Widd. A good round Summ! By times, he'll certainly have all I have; I'll break a right Widdows Rule for once, and Marry him, he has often proffer'd at it. Mr. *Wealthy*, the Summ's no Trifle to the beſt Eſtate; you have oft propos'd, take me and all I have, I'll give you Liberty to Night.

Jun. Weal. I muſt lye to get out; agreed—but in the mean time, my dear,

dear, 'tis no Novelty to you and I, we'll Seal this business in the other Room.

Widd. Fye, Mr. *Wealthy*, not till I'm all your own.

Jun. Weal. She's been all my own these two years. Nay, Childish, why so unwilling?

Widd. Lord! What do you mean? Fye, in a Prison?

Jun. Weal. In a Palace Child, with good Company: the place indeed is homely, but the Entertainment shall be the heartier. Nay, come.

Widd. Lord, I'll swear there is no dealing with you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Maria *in Boy's Cloaths, and the Geoler.*

Mar. How bears the Gentleman his Confinement Geoler?

Geol. Very well.

Mar. You know by the Bailiffs on what account he is here, they told you, I suppose; there's Money for you, when I release him ask him for no Fees, he must go with me. There's no Company with him, is there?

Geol. Yes, a Lady.

Mar. What, in the inner Room? Run, run, run immediately, tell him a Gentleman would speak with him: No, stay, here he comes—how like a Rogue he looks.

Re-enter young Wealthy *and the* Widdow.

Jun. Weal. Madam, your Servant, you'll not forget; adieu.

[*Exit Widdow.*

I have seen this Youth somewhere, Sir, would you speak with me?

Mar. Yes Sir, I come from the Gentleman my Brother, you fought with t'other day, upon a Ladies account.

Jun. Weal. Well, Sir.

Mar. I am to tell you 'tis in his Power, and only his, to take this Action off, and give you Inlargement.

Jun. Weal. In his?

Mar. Wonder not Sir; you are Rivals, and he took this way, this surer than his Sword, to Ruine you. He had a Catalogue of all your Debts, and from each Creditor, whom he has paid, full forty to lay his Action, which he'll take off upon no other Terms than a perfect Resignation of your Mistress.

Jun. Weal. Child, you may go, I'll bring my Answer back my self, and tell him next time I have his Sword, I'll spoil his next Proposals. Go, Lad, go.

Mar. But Sir, he loves him.

Jun.

Jun. Weal. Therefore I'll cut his Throat.

Mar. She'll hate and curse you for't.

Jun. Weal. Not when he's dead Child, she may like me then.

Mar. But how will you get out Sir?

Jun. Weal. What's that to thee Impertinence; prithee go tell thy Brother, I'd Perish if I were within his Power, rather than yield him up a thought of her.

Mar. But why are you so stubborn, when to my Face I see you were ingag'd to cross his just desires?

Jun. Weal. Why, how now Child, though that pretty face does plead for thee, be gone, or I shall use the scurvily.

Mar. You'll not Resign her then?

Jun. Weal. I'll rip his heart, thine and my own too, up first: therefore be gone.

Mar. Then Sir, to shew he does as much deserve her as your self, I have Orders here to give you Liberty; if you dare meet him behind *Southampton-House*, within this half hour alone, where he declares no Quarter must be given, but one of you must dye upon the Spot.

[*Takes his Sword from the Gaoler, gives him his Sword.*

Jun. Weal. Sir, this obligation's great, and i'll return it to your Brothers heart.

Mar. Guard your own Sir—If you please— [*Points to the door.*

Jun. Weal. Sans Ceremony, faith Sir; from a Prison. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mr. Shamtown, *with a black Scarf at one Door, and Mr.* Littlegad *at the other.*

Sham. Mr. *Littlegad*, my Friend and Champion, how do you?

Littleg. Wholly Devoted still to Mr. *Shamtown*, and if there be no dangerous Deaths Wound lyes beneath that Noble Escutheon of your Honour, I wish you Joy of such a Manly mark; and by my faith, I could have wish'd the like to have signaliz'd my self. You are for the Coffee-house no doubt, I'm sorry I am engag'd: The first surprizes, the many questions, how, when, and with whom, where; at *Southampton-house*.

Sham. With this short Sword.

Littleg. And how bravely t'other fought you too; be sure mark that, that adds to you, you know; then you disarm'd him.

Sham. Accident in fight, where the brave draw their Swords, the Combat's doubtful.

Littleg. If they ask who were Seconds?

Sham. Fester my Wound Sir, if I do you wrong; will you go with me?

Littleg.

Littleg. Damn it, how Love and Honour wrack my mind! Why for a Woman should I rob my self of all I fought for? Pox of Vinting, and yet I must. Said each, there's no danger now to second you, and yet there's real Honour to be got. But early to the morning I'll be there; farewel Sir.

I envy you the Honour you must meet,
But go to lay mine at my *Celia's* feet. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE the Fields.

Enter young Wealthy.

Jun. Weal. Not come yet? this is the place; surely this Villain does design to Murder me, or else sought booty with me the last time. No Seconds to so furious a Challenge; I shall have my Throat Cut here in the Woods, and be Buried, like the Children in the Ballad, by the *Robin Red-breasts.*

Enter Maria in Mans Cloaths.

Mar. Sir, your Servant, you're as good as your word.

Jun. Weal. That's more than your Brother dare; why is he not here? And why are you, Sir?

Mar. Sir, the hurt he received in his Arm, has unexpectedly disabled him, but he has sent his Sword by me.

Jun. Weal. Give it me Child; indeed I should have took it had he come.

Mar. What mean you Sir? I came to do him Justice, maintain his Merit, is to be preferr'd to yours.

Jun. Weal. 'Sdeath, does he take my Mistris for a Prize for Boys to Box for?

Mar. Boys Sir? Draw.

Jun. Weal. Ha, ha.

Mar. Flout not Sir, we'll try who is the strongest.

Enter two like Ruffians.

Jun. Weal. Ay, this is something, you young White-liver'd Dog.

Mar. Will you resign your Mistris, or dye upon the Spot?

Jun. Weal. Not till I've ript thy little Guts up. Fight me but one by one.

The 1st. No, thank you Sir, we can Murder you a better way.

Mar. Speak, or we strike.

Jun.

Jun. Weal. Hold.

Mar. Stand this, and take me quick.

Jun. Weal. Smooth-face Rascal off, though thou'rt the very first Rascal I ere saw, methinks I'd save thy Life to tell my Story. Thou'st such a lying, wheedling face, thou canst not fail to work upon a Woman, when at this time methinks I could forgive thee.

Mar. I speak for you.

Jun. Weal. Yes, tell her how I fought, or if I perish, tell her how I fell; tell her how much beyond my life I lov'd her, without the least security of hers. The Name, the Pride, the Honour of my Love, thou shalt in softning Eloquence relate; and though thou art a very Villain, look as thou dost speak as thou wou'dst for him, and win her to my Bed, or to my Grave.

Mar. I must try him further yet, though my heart akes with love and tenderness. Am I so much oblig'd to Nature, Sir? Look then, despair and dye: 'Twas my own Jealousie that drew me here, the other was a meer Pretension. I love *Maria* too above my life, and therefore dare not, at an equal hazard, expose my life. I follow'd her to Town, abandoning my Family and Friends: Mad with my Love, and Resolute to win her. Tho' for your Generosity, which runs far in a Rival I can pitty, since you believe I cou'd prevail for you, with looking, speaking, flattering, any thing. You cannot doubt the Conquest, for my self, yet still Renounce her and I'll spare thy life.

Jun. Weal. I'll not return that Compliment to you, there is no safety if I let you live; therefore prepare, and if thou hast one grain of Honour left, venture me one fair thrust among the Crowd, and I'll forgive thee yet.

Mar. Hold, for I'll Rival you in Honour too. Be gone, there's your Reward. You'll hate the Murder. I'll thrust my single Arm in such a Cause, and dye or else deserve her. *The two Rufians go off.*

Jun. Weal. Dye or deserve her; 'Sdeath, thou'lt win her from me. Prithee contrive some way we may be friends, I wou'd not nip such Honour in the bud; thou art too young to think of Marrying---Gad thou shalt be her Page: I'll give thee leave to own thy Passion, Ogle thy Heart out, tell her pritty Tales, she'll listen to the Musick of thy Voice, and give thee sigh for sigh. Put up thy Sword, 'Sdeath thou holds it like a Girl.

Mar. Ha! ha!

Jun. Weal. By Heaven! and look'st like one---Where were my Eyes

Mar

Mar. Pox on your Eyes Sir: Damme, will you fight?

Jun. VVeal. Yes, Damme, thus, thus, and thus.

Mar. Now where's that cruel Creature upon Earth, that cou'd deny so Generous a Lover?

Jun. VVeal. If there be such, she lives among the Bears, and never came in Christian Company. She never said her Prayers, sigh'd, shed a Tear, or play'd with Boys, or Babys, in her Life.

Mar. Then I am won.

Jun. VVeal. By Heav'n, and fairly too.

Mar. What will you do with me now?

Jun. VVeal. E'ne Marry thee, my Dear.

Mar. And beat me?

Jun. VVeal. No, live and dye with thee, by *Jove*. Put up thy Sword, and trust thy Eyes alone.

To those bright Planets, I my Trophies yield;
By them thou'rt always Mistriss of the Field.

Enter Mr. Spruce *and his VVife.*

Mrs. Spr. Nay, but you shall my dear, or I'll swear I wont let you go.

Mr. Spr. Indeed *Molly* but I wont; I must go Child, there's no body at the Shop this Morning.

Mrs. Spr. Nay, but consider he's your Friend, a fine young Gentleman, and one you love.

Mr. Spr. Very well; Madam, and what am I?

Mrs. Spr. Oh, thou art the sweetest Creature Living, but you don't love me.

Mr. Spr. Yes, *Molly*, but I do, and my self too; and therefore, tho' I love Mr. *VVealthy* as well as you do, I'll be bound for no body.

Mrs. Spr. Then I'm sure you don't love him half so well as I do, for I'd be bound Body for Body for him. Poor Gentleman, so I wou'd; but you don't love him becaus I do.

Mr. Spr. Not if you love him better than me, *Molly*.

Mrs. Spr. Yes, yes, very likely, as if I did not know when I was well; but you know how handsom you are, and that makes you as Proud as the Devil. This is like all the rest, your running to *Epsom* and *Tunbridge*; so it is.

Mr. Spr. Poor Rogue, now I have vext her. Why, my dear, I always take you with me.

Mrs. Spr. Yes, yes, to show me I don't deserve you, to see a hundred Women Dancing after you, and pulling you as if they'd eat you from me.

Spruce. Poor Fool, nay, I must confess they do teaze me: But how can I help all this, *Molly.*

Mrs. Spruce. You might stay at home, like an honest man: Would I had married the ugliest fellow in *England*, then I might have had him to my self; or at least I might have helpt, another after him; but to be Marry'd as I am; I shall be poyson'd one of these days, and then you'll be rid of me.

Spruce. Nay, prethee *Molly.*

Mrs. Spruce. Don't I see it; han't we a hundred Ladies for one Gentleman, that comes to our Shop?

Spruce. Gad, and that's true, and I never minded it.

Mrs. Spruce. Lord Mistress you're the happiest Woman, says one; you must certainly have delicate Children, says another; pray how long have you been Married, says a third.

Spruce. Womens talk Child: prethee *Molly*, I love thee, let 'em say what they will.

Mrs. Spruce. Yes, I know 'tis Womens talk: Lord, says another, that can never be his own Hair: Bless me, he has delicate Teeth; how strangely that *French*'s Beard becomes some sort of Faces: Nay more, I'll swear, I've heard them say they believed you were Painted, you had such a delicate Complexion.

Spruce. Nay, prithee *Molly*, you make me smile; for the Devil take me, if I han't been told the same a thousand times.

Mrs. Spr. Have you so? Very well, who should I love better than you then? And but that you have a mind to be cross, I have heard you say a thousand times, you would do any thing to serve Mr. *Wealthy*, and yet refuse me to bail him out of Prison only for five hundred pounds.

Spruce. I tell thee *Moll*, I forswore it when I was Apprentice, or I vow thou would'st tempt me to Ruine my self; his Father and Brother will take care of him.

Mrs. Spruce. But they must not know it; and I'm sure if they do, we shall so oblige that Family, we shall get thrice as much by it.

Spruce. Gad *Molly* do not tempt me; I love you so, I shall play the Fool, i'll run away from you.

Mrs. Spr. I'll swear i'll follow you to the *Change.*

Spruce. Wife keep the House, remember your Lord commands you; I must be gone. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Spr. And i'll be with you, for my dear *Wealthy* must be freed to Night; 'tis a great blessing to know a Husbands blind side; what a

good

good humour he's run away with for my praising his Beauty. Bless me! how unreasonably we are accus'd for Cuckolding our Husbands, when certainly, either by Vanity, Folly, Pride, or ill Nature, they draw it upon themselves, and yet they have the impudence to believe we must love all these faults, honour all these faults, and obey all these faults, that obeys the Devil, and yet without this, we are the Vipers that defile your Beds, Plant Hieroglyphick Figures on their Heads, when alas,

No Woman does her Lawful Prince dethrone,
But you're so Proud you will so Rule alone;
We must be Slaves, or Cuckold ev'ry one.
If therefore you will not this Crime repent,
And we must still obey your Government,
Exalted be your Horns, by my Consent. *Exit.*

SOPHIA alone.

Enter Elder Wealthy; *she is going off.*

Eld. Weal. Nay, Madam, stay and hear me first; why so unjust? Will you not let me plead in such a Cause, where Love and Life, my Heaven to come, and here, which all's at stake?

Soph. What wou'd you Plead for, Sir? Have I not pardon'd you at the first word? Even in the midst of Tears, believing your offence the effect of Love? And yet you will not grant me one Request.

Eld. Weal. Not grant it: What Madam?

Soph Me to my self; you grudge me sure my Grief, or else have very little of your own, that can at this time covet Company.

Eld. Weal. Why, Madam, am I your aversion grown?
So alter'd in a day! What have I done?
That Tears and Pray'rs, Pity and Love in you, (which once I did expect) cannot wipe off?

Soph. Bless me! that you can ask what you have done: Are you as Mercileſs as your Father, Sir? Pray give me way, you'd make me hate you, to see you Master of no more Compassion; pray give me way.

Eld. Weal. Not till you're torn from me. Dear Madam, do but hear me speak.

Soph. No, you've already made me break my Oath, which was so strict, never to have seen you more; I must be gone.

Enter young Wealthy *and* Maria.

Jun. Weal. Dear *Tom*; what, flying of him, Madam?

Soph. Alive! Bleſt be my Eyes, bleſt be the day, and be for ever bleſt thou beſt of Men.

Eld. Weal. What means this Extaſie?

Soph. Thy Father told me he was kill'd; kill'd in thy Quarrel, upon my account. Or think you I cou'd e're have parted with you, but Tears of Joy flow on ſo faſt upon me, I cannot ſpeak the fulneſs of my Soul.

Eld. Weal. By Heaven, nor I, but thus.

Mar. My dear Couſin, let me but recover the fright you put me in. Dear Couſin and Sir, I beg your Pardons, for indeed I might have prevented this miſtake, but that my head ran too much upon this Gentleman; for in ſhort, the Report of it at firſt, was a Plot of the Old Fool your Father, Sir, and that Exquiſite Hypocrite my Lady *Sly*: For as I went down into the Garden, as he has the Impudence ſince to believe, to lament his loſs, I met this living thing there, who has ſince, upon ſome ſmall tryals of his Faith, own'd his Intrigue with the Widdow, confeſs'd himſelf a Rogue, and I have forgiven him.

Jun. Weal. Surely, your Ladiſhip wou'd ſumm up an Evidence well: But Madam, ſhou'd I begin the Story, which ſhortly you will hear, how like a Rogue ſhe has us'd me, how like a Gaol-Bird ſhe has treated me, and all, as ſhe terms it, for a ſmall tryal of my Faith. You wou'd wonder how I cou'd ever forgive her, yet, like a good natur'd fool, I have done it, and ſhe has the Grace to thank me for't.

Eld. Weal. And muſt we wiſh you Joy, *Frank*? You play ſure.

Jun. Weal. Faith, *Tom*, I'm in a Whimſical Dilemma, for I have oft forſwore the Marriage-knot, and yet it is ſome way we muſt be joyn'd, for we have made an Oath we'll never part.

Mar. 'Tis a ſad Truth; but yet Mr. *Wealthy*, who knows, a good Example may prevail upon the Churl.

Jun Weal. Say you ſo? Then *Tom*, I Challenge you; firſt, to joyn with us in a Plot we have laid, for the two Fools, my Father and the Widdow; next, you muſt meet no Denials. Now, Madam, with your fair Lady in your hand to morrow, at the dread hour which we call Canonical. Whereas you came into the World before me, ſo quit it, Sir; dye to your Lady firſt, and though my heart akes even to think upon it, ſince this young Niggard will be paid her price before ſhe parts with any of her Goods, let the black fellow thunder in my Ears

For

For thee ſuch wounding Words I will indure,
No Surgeon (Child) on Earth can ever cure.

Eld. Weal. I take your ſilence for conſent, my dear; and *Frank* i'll meet you; as to your Plot, we leave it wholly to you, act as you pleaſe, and we'll obey your Orders; here comes the Widdow, *Frank*.

Jun. Weal. Be gone every one.

Mar. What, muſt I truſt you with her?

Jun. VVeal. Go, go, you Fool, I muſt make love a little to help the Plot; mind yours too with my Father.

Mar. I'll to Sir *William* for my part, and be with you in a minute.

Exit all but young Wealthy. *Enter to him the VViddow.*

VVidd. My dear *VVealthy* at Liberty, and here; what can this mean?

Jun. VVeal. Two Miracles, my dear.

VVidd. As how, my Love?

Jun. VVeal. My Delivery and my Conſtancy; i'll ſwear I was deliver'd by Miracle; and for my Conſtancy, you may judge of that, who rail'd againſt me ſo lately without Reaſon. But Widdow, thy Generoſity has ſo prevail'd upon me, and ſo much I eſteem you my Deliverer:

I come my new-born Freedom to reſign,
And make you Matrimonially mine.

Widd. No, Mr. *Wealthy*, though I own your kindneſſes, on ſecond thoughts I dare not be ſo raſh.

Jun. Weal. Why, how now Widdow, what repent your bargain?

Widd. Only for fear you ſhou'd.

Jun. Weal. Ridiculous!

Widd. Ah *Wealthy*, thou'rt too much a Libertine to uſe a Woman well thou haſt enjoy'd; *Maria*, that untainted fruit, may pleaſe. A Marriage-Bed requires a Maiden-head.

Jun. Weal. Why Widdow, doſt thou think i'll be a Cuckold, at leaſt, to any Man but to my ſelf? Marry a Girl! No, faith Madam, I leave her to Sir *William*; and but that thou art an Infidel, I could tell thee ſuch a Story of my Conſtancy, ſuch a Tryal of my Faith, ſuch a Miraculous Preſervation of thy Honour, that wou'd I were choak'd if I thought I had been half ſo honeſt; you ſaw that young Gentleman that came to ſpeak with me juſt as we parted.

VVidd. Yes, what then?

Jun. VVeal. Only he dogg'd you thither.

VVidd. Me, by whoſe Orders?

Jun. VVeal. He ſaid he was the Brother of my Rival; and that unleſs.

leſs I wou'd reſign *Maria*, I ſhou'd lye there and rot, but if I wou'd, he had orders to releaſe me.

Jun. Weal. On this I begg'd he'd ſhow me to the door, *Maria* might be his Wife with all my heart; the Lady that he ſaw was my firſt choice, and for her ſake, no threatning of his Brother, I did accept my freedome at his hands.

Widd. I own 'twas more than I can e're deſerve. But why dog me, did he take me for her?

Jun. VVeal. No Child, but I took her for him.

VVidd. Her for him! Bleſs me, Sir, what mean you?

Jun. VVeal. Maria, by the Gods, that Devil her ſelf, was ſole contriver of that helliſh Plot; in that diſguiſe diſcover'd our intrigues, own'd ſome ſmall kindneſs formerly for me, bid me repent my folly, and my loſs, ſwore that to morrow morning ſhe'd be Married, and ruine me for ever with my Father; then with a Curſe ſhe wiſh'd me Joy with you, and bid me hug my Monumental Widdow.

Widd. A Curſe for her again. But my Dear *Wealthy*.

Jun. VVeal. My dear Widdow.

VVidd. How can I requite you?

Jun. Weal. We'll be married to Night.

Widd. Impoſſible!

Jun. Weal. Then with my Brother *Tom*, in your private little Chappel, at the end of the Hall, by ſix in the Morning; by Heav'n I'll ſtay no longer. Here comes my Father and ſhe with him, i'm ſure this Match muſt pleaſe him, and i'll ſcorn her: Beſides, I have already laid a Scene of mirth, which you muſt joyn in; *Shamtown* and *Littlegad* ſhall pay the Fiddlers; the Old Fool hates them, and will joyn in it. Be gone, i'll meet you preſently i'th Garden, and then inform you all.

Widd. Adieu, my dear. [*Exit Widdow.*

Enter Sir William *and* Maria.

Jun. Weal. She ſmiles and winks, it thrives; Gads ſo, the Old fellow Dances as he goes: Yes, yes, you ſhall be married.

Sir Will. Who's that? Why, Sirrah, who are you? Why, how now *Frank*, and my Boy *Frank*: And a *Franky*, *Franky*, *Franky*, *Frank*; Sirrah, down on your knees.

Jun. Weal. Sir.

Sir Will. Down on your knees, Sirrah.

Jun. Weal. Yes, Sir.

Sir VVill. And a *Franky*, *Franky*, &c.

Jun.

Jun. VVeal. What the Devil ails the Old Fellow?

Sir Will. Sirrah, you are to be Married, I hear.

Jun. Weal. Yes, Sir.

Sir Will. To whom, Sir.

Jun. Weal. To the diſcreet Lady of the Houſe.

Sir Weal. To the diſcreet Lady of the Houſe; i'm glad on't you Dog.

Jun. Weal. Yes Sir, and beg your bleſſing in't.

Sir Will. Yes, Sirrah, I have bleſt you Sirrah; riſe up and ſay i've ſet you upon your Legs, Sirrah. I have, given you three hundred a year, Sirrah. *Franky*, you Dog, and a *Franky*, *Franky*, &c.

Jun. Weal. Sir, I thank you, and am doubly oblig'd that you are ſo over-joy'd at my good Fortune.

Sir Will. No, Sirrah, not altogether ſo neither, I have Joy of my own too, and Joy for other people, as time ſhall try, as old as I am: Sirrah, there's your Mother-in-law.

Jun. Weal. Poſſible!

Sir Will. Ay, you Dog, it e'nt impoſſible, is it?

Jun. Weal. No, Sir.

Sir Will. No, Sir? What then, Sir?

Jun. Weal. Nay, Sir, I wiſh you Joy, I was juſt going to ask the Lady Bleſſing.

Sir Will. No, Sir, you ſhant ask her Bleſſing, ſhe ſhall have enow of her own to ask her Bleſſing, Sirrah; I will get upon her Body ſuch a parcel of Gray-headed *Cupids*, it ſhall be the Worlds Wonder.

Mar. Nay, faith, Sir *William*, we'll do our beſt, for ſince Mr. *Wealthy* is ingag'd to the Widdow, and his Brother to my Couſin, I ſwear I will not be out of the Family; and let me alone to make you young again.

Sir Will. Why, Sirrah, why do'nt you rejoyce to ſee your Old Dad ſo happy.

Jun. Weal. Sir, I do ſo much rejoyce, that if the Lady will be rul'd by me, we'll make this the Merrieſt pair Royal of Weddings, as e're were heard of.

Mar. As how, dear Mr. *VVealthy*; if there be any miſchief in it, I am for you.

Jun. VVeal. I muſt own, Madam, I have an implacable malice to the two Fools, that occaſioned the miſtake between *Tom* and his Miſtriſs. I have prevail'd with my Siſter that ſhall be, who has writ a Note inviting them hither in a diſguiſe; Mr. *Shamtown*, who expects to carry off the Prize, to morrow morning, no leſs than to be Married here,

here, even in this House: And Madam, if you'd joyn, and write to Mr. *Littlegad* as I told you——

Sir Will. We'll toss 'em in a Blanket, Fops, Fools.

Mar. Agreed, I write this minute. *Exit.*

Sir Will. Go, go, you Rogue: I shall so tickle you: Sirrah, am not I a lucky old Toad: But you don't rejoyce, Pox on you don't rejoyce at your Fathers fortune. Pish you an't over-joy'd, for my own part *Frank*, it comes upon me so of a sudden, I have such a preturbation of Spirit, and such a consternation of joy, on my conscience, I can hardly tell where I am.

Jun. Weal. Upon my life, if the surprize be so great, you had best let blood.

Sir Will. No, thank you Sirrah, an old fellow to be Married to a young Woman and let blood, wou'd I had as much as when I got your Brother *Tom*, then I wou'd so rumble her, and so tumble her, and so jumble her, and so fumble her *Frank*; and a *Franky*, &c. But Sirrah, I'll to my Daughter-in-law, and manage her to the last penny for you: She's a parlous Slut, and *Franky*, *Frank*, &c. *Exit.*

Jun. Weal. Not so very close, but now our Plot is sure, I'm satisfied our Letters took the effect;

The Fools bit at it rarely as I hear,
And early shall be welcome to the snare. *Exit.*

Enter Sir William *and* Maria *with Lights*, *Young* Wealthy *meets 'em.*

Sir Will. Are they come, are the Fools come?

Jun. Weal. 'Sdeath out with the Lights, they're just got into the little Chappel, their Ladies wait 'em impatiently; be sure Sir, you do not speak till you see 'em fast bound, and then——

Sir Will. Ay, and then my little Eyes. *The Lights are carry'd off.*

Mar. Hist.

Jun. Weal. Your hand, your hand, I hear the Widdow; that's just where I appointed her. *They steal off. Then enter the Widdow.*

Widd. So, I see the Unfortunate Lovers are come, my dear.

Enter Shamtown *like a Chair-man, and another.*

Sir Will. Hist, they are at it: This is the Hall: This happy darkness doubles my Disguise. Friend, did you see any of the Family to day?

Chair-man. No, Sir, but I saw a Chair go in about half an hour ago.

Shamt. Punctual Creature; for fear I should not bring one. In the Passage, from the further corner of the Hall, we shall find that Chair, and in it the Treasure of my Soul, which we must carry off; such are my

my kind directions; and then I think I have conquer'd you Mr. *Wealthy*. Follow me close, and now the coast is clear, be sure you mind the charge. This is the only secret I ever kept from *Littlegad*: ah would he were as happy. *Exit.*

Sir Will. Ha, ha, ha; wish you joy, Gentlemen, wish you joy; you are met with I'faith; Lights there Lights: Now for me, my Dear, Pox of their hugger mugger work: we'll be married in state.

Widd. The Devil, is this Sir *William*! that was just where *Wealthy* appointed me. You mistake Sir *William*,

Sir Will. Widdow, where's my little Devil? What ho?

Maria. Coming, coming Sir *William* *(Within.*

Sir Will. Gad they have it, Fops, Fools, Cuckolds, Rogues, didst thou see 'em? *Enter* Maria.

Mar. See 'em! I think I provided well for my Maids.

Sir Will. Come, come, I'll Maid you: Where's *Frank*? why Sirrah. *Enter Young* Wealthy.

Jun. Weal. Here Sir.

Sir Will. Sirrah, to your Wife, you ill-natur'd Dog, this was your contrivance. Where's *Tom*?

Jun. Weal. Just coming Sir, our turn's next: Where's this Parson; if he be not out of breath, he may do our work too.

Sir Will. Pox on him, and his sneaking bit of Wax Candle; I could hardly discern a Man from a Post; and the two Sluts stood with their backs to us.

Widd. I swear Mr. *Wealthy*, you're an unmerciful man; I am sorry to see you have so much ill nature; what have you done with the poor Gentleman?

Jun. Weal. When they have serv'd our mirth a little further, we'll dispatch em with their Ladies. Pox where's this Parson, we'll fetch him by the Ears. *Exit Sir* William *and Young* Wealthy.

Mar. I suppose, Madam, I need not wish your Ladyship joy, since you have made choice of a young man so able to give it as Mr. *Wealthy*; for my part, I confess you may wonder at this Match, but upon my word, Madam, I am altogether satisfied with these poor Remains of Sir *William*, since he will put me in a way to return your many obligations upon your dear Mr. *Wealthy*.

Widd. I understand her, but since *Wealthy* is mine, can laugh at her. *aside.*) Your Ladiship is highly obliging, and though indeed, Madam, I may seem to have the better of you in this business, yet I cannot tell

how wild Mr. *Wealthy* may prove; and at least, you may live at quiet with Sir *William*, an old Gentleman that is tam'd to your hands.

Mar. Now cou'd I fall out with her in earnest, for her impudence, though I am sure of my Man. *aside.*) If I may be so bold, pray Madam, how long was handsome Mr. *Wealthy* an admirer of you, before he gain'd the mighty Conquest over you?

Widd. If Madam, without blushing I might tell you, I think too long. However, since to Night he must be mine, I'll reap that lost years Harvest in this Night; sure of my bliss, I'll seize my Vigorous Swain, free from the Curse of disappointing Age: Blind with my Love, give loose to my desires, and in continued Trances cheat the Night.

Mar. Oh, Impudence: By Heaven, she's lying with him to my face, I can hold no longer. *aside.*) And is your Gravity come to this? Sure, Madam, you will not ravish Mr. *Wealthy*.

Widd. Sure, Madam, but I may, before Sir *William* can your Ladiship.

Mar. Poor cheated Fool.

Widd. Poor angry Girl.

Mar. Yes, Madam, value your self upon your Age, *Wealthy* admires it, Madam; an Old Lady, and a Cast Widdow, must be Honourable.

Widd. Ha, ha, ha, have you lost your longing, Madam?

Mar. Nay then, take the Reverse of all thy promis'd Joys, which in malicious eagerness you dress. On *Wealthy*'s breast you'll find but poor support; upon thy buried Honour lean thy head; Bath in the tears shed for that fatal loss; Curse my dear *Wealthy*'s Eyes; cry out thy own. Blind with thy miseries, renounce the Day, and in eternal howlings waste the Night. By Heaven, thou art betray'd, *Wealthy*'s my Husband; Married just now, before thy cheated Eyes. Poor fool, thou art a witness to the Match, and half Contriver of thy own Destruction.

Enter young Wealthy.

Jun. Weal. So, so, the Rival Queens have been at it, Faith.

Widd. Speak *Wealthy*, e're my heart breaks with my wrongs: Have you betray'd me? Are you such a Villain?

Jun. Weal. Faith, Widdow, not to keep you in suspence, on second thoughts I could not be so rash; therefore to save your Reputation still, own you were in th' design, and laugh with us. Here comes the old Man and the Parson; now the Plot thickens, or the Devils in't.

Enter Sir William *and the Parson.*

Sir Will. Come my Girl, answer before this man of God. Wilt thou be my Lawful Wife?

Mar.

Mar. As Lawful as that Gentleman can make me.

Sir Will. God a mercy: Come, Sir, to work, to work.

Parf. Indeed, and that's not very Lawful, Madam.

Sir Will. What a Pox ails the Fellow? Why, what Sir, 'tis not againſt the Law, for an Old Man to marry a young VVoman, is it?

Parf. No, Sir, but ſure 'tis to Marry your Daughter.

Sir Will. He's mad: My Daughter, Sir?

Parf. Yes, if that Gentleman's your Son.

Jun. Weal. Good faith, Sir, even ſo.

Sir Will. I'll hang you, i'll drown you, i'll murder you, i'll poyſon you, i'll blow you up, i'll bury you alive: i'll Cuckold you, you Dog.

Jun. Weal. I'll hold you a Guinea on't.

Sir Will. Ah, you Devil.

Mar. I ſhould have Cuckolded you, Sir *VVilliam*; 'tis better as 'tis, I ſhall love now my none dear Daddy.

VVidd. Come, come, be patient, Sir *VVilliam*, you're happy in your Sons match, though I am curſt; and though I burſt muſt bear it.

Sir VVill. My Son, he's a Son of a Whore, i'll prove it, and i'll fight him.

Jun. VVeal. Hark you, Sir, if I am not your Son, it follows naturally you're not my Father: And gad, Sir, if you abuſe my Mother, I ſhall ——

Sir VVill. Murder me: Very well, i'll have you hang'd.

Mar. Think better, Sir *VVilliam*: How could you think that I, with that diſparity of years, could ever love you? I do love your Son, and in your Son love you.

Sir VVill. Come, you're a baggage. [*Shakes his Head at her.*

Mar. I'm your Daughter, Sir *VVilliam*; i'll be tender of you.

Jun. VVeal. I'm your Son, and Dutiful; i'll renounce the follies of the Town; i've taſted them, and weigh them all at this. VVe will forſake this hole of Sin and Sea-coal, and make you merry in a better Air. Come Spouſe. Your bleſſing, Sir.

Sir VVill. Pox take him, he talks as if he had ſome Grace; he made a long Speech too without ſwearing, but I can't ſay *Amen* to it.

VVidd. Indeed Sir *William*, I think you're Happy, if you knew when.

Sir Will. Zoons, but I've loſt a Wife.

Mar. No, no, Sir *William*, if we had been married, you'd have made no more on't.

Widd. There's your Obligation of five hundred pound to me, and truly, I think, wiſely ſav'd.

Sir Will. Five hundred pound on second thoughts is a round summ: Hum! you're a Rogue; but rise, rise, and take my blessing, since I can't help it. But pox on't, where's *Tom*? Has no body stole his Wife? And where are these fellows, that I may see if any thing can make me laugh?

Jun. Weal. O Sir, I warrant you.

Sir Will. What a Pox, it was not you and your Brother *Tom*, I saw Marry'd, was it?

Jun. Weal. Even so, faith Sir; but here comes our Fortune-Hunters.

Enter Mr. Shamtown *as a Chair-man, bringing in Mr.* Littlegad *in Womens Habit.*

Sir Will. Hey day, what's here? Who's in this Chair? Another damn'd Plot.

Jun. Weal. Set down the Chair, friends; who would you speak with, ha?

Sham. We were call'd Sir, to carry this Lady; she lives in this house.

Jun. Weal. Ha! Shou'd not I know that Face: Mr. *Shamtown*. Indeed, I always mistrusted your Shapes, but never yet really knew you were a Chair-man. This, I suppose, is a Plot for my Brothers Lady; pray Heaven it be not her, Sir.

Sir Will. So, so, more Plots here; *Tom* shall deal with you.

Sham. Gentlemen, I beg you would not Murder me; and Madam, I hope you'll stand to your Note, and own me, and my love.

Littleg. Ay, me, i'm undone, and shall be laugh'd to Death.

Enter Elder Wealthy *and* Sophia.

Sham. 'Sdeath, who is this? Betray'd, oh Hell and the Devil; where shall I run?

Jun. Weal. Hey day; what, here and there too? *Tom*, you're obliged to this Gentleman, he only came to steal your Lady.

Eld. Weal. I shan't be backward in my thanks.

Sham. I shall be kick'd to Death.

Jun. Weal. But, who are you? Come, unmask Lady; nay, by Heaven you must, pritty Mrs. *Littlegad*.

Omnes. Mr. *Littlegad*.

Sir Will. Two Fools well met, i'faith.

Littleg. Upon my Faith, I meant it purely for your diversion; pray Pardon me. I wou'd give a hundred Pound for a Whirlwind to remove me.

Eld. Weal. Sir, this is a base return for giving you your life; but here, call up my Footmen.

Sham.

Sham. Gentlemen, do not mistake, I am a Gentleman, and since I am betray'd into your House defenceless, which was cruel of the Ladies, I beg I may be safe, when next I am in my Primitive Equipments.

Jun. VVeal. What, Sir, without a Shirt?

Sham. No, Sir, I'll give your Brother satisfaction.

Jun. VVeal. Shut up the Doors; Poor Fool, he Pardons any thing he scorns, and you shall share the Graces. And Gentlemen, if you lov'd these Ladies, you cannot but stay Dinner, and after Dance at their Weddings, I am sure, Mr. *Spruce*.

Enter Mr. Spruce *and Mrs.* Spruce.

Name but a Dance, and up starts *Mr. Spruce*.

Mr. Spr. Mr. *VVealthy*, I am glad you are inlarg'd; and faith, Sir, I came only to have serv'd you.

Jun. VVeal. I must thank your Lady for that, I presume.

Mr. Spr. Gad, she loves you dearly.

Mrs. Spr. I can't deny't, indeed, Mr. *VVealthy*, though before my Husbands face.

Jun. VVeal. I thank you, Madam.

Sir Will. Frank, I begin to love you already. Sirrah, you are a lucky Dog, make much of her and I forgive you; and God blefs you all four.

Soph. Fairly spoken, Sir *William*.

Jun. Weal. We'll deserve it; but come, I have provided an Entertainment.

A Dance.

Come Gentlemen, you are the only dejected here, but bear up:

And don't too much the Accident Regret,
For two, by two, we're all but Fools well met.

FINIS

Epilogue.

WHat would our Author give, you'd go away
Half so well pleas'd as you came here to day
That he meant well is all he has to plead,
Faith then be kind, and let his Play succeed,
And take for once the good Will for the Deed.
He don't presume to justify his Play,
Vouch it for good, or if you like your way
A humbler way for your good word he takes;
You're welcom, would 'twere better for your sakes:
Therefore to damn him were very hard
Two Fools well met, the Play, and in a word,
Forgive him, for he owns himself the third.

SONG.

SONG.

HOw shall I my Rivals meet?
They are too Mighty, Rich and Great:
How can I my Celia win,
A Shepheard I, and she Divine?
Or how can such a VVorld of Charms
Be Circled in these humble Arms?
Ah Celia, If the Man that Loves thee most
Cannot deserve thee by it, I am lost.
I am lost, I am lost, Ah Celia, &c.

Propose me Wonders for my Task,
To be thy Slave is all I ask, is all I ask, &c.
The Rich may afterwards Repine,
They would have thee; I would be thine:
Nor scorn me that I am not great,
Since thou canst with a Smile create.
Let not, Oh let not then the Man be lost,
For what a Smile can give, who loves thee most.
Let not, Oh let not then the Man be lost; &c.

SONG.

MY Amarillis scorns the Man
That does her Eyes adore;
Though I immortalized her Name,
And Sainted her with Power:
But now the Goddess to that height is grown,
Sh'as quite forgot 'twas I that made her One.
Sh'as quite forgot, &c.

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